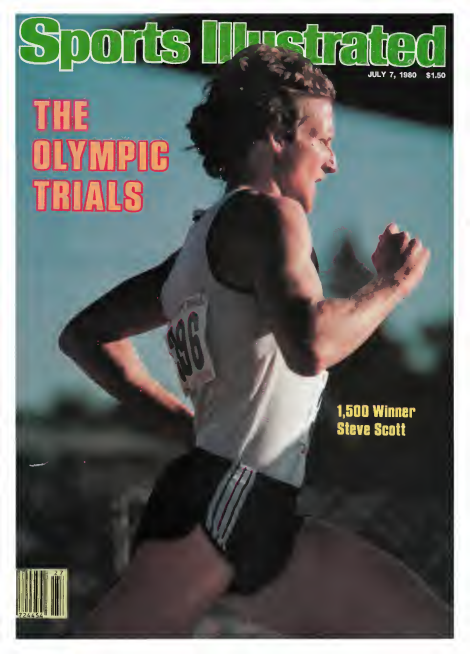


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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

COURTING A BOYCOTT

There's talk in tennis of a player boycott at this year's U.S. Open at Flushing Meadow. Members of the players' union, the Association of Tennis Professionals, are threatening to pass up the Open to protest the treatment of paid officials known as supervisors, who for the past two years have been assigned to oversee the work of lineamen and umpires and to otherwise monitor the conduct of tournaments on the men's circuit. The supervisors also discipline players for tardiness, swearing and other malfeasances, but most players welcome their presence.

That sentiment is not shared by promoters of Wimbledon and the French and U.S. Opens, who recoil at the idea of surrendering any of their authority to supervisors. Among other things, they point out that their tournaments include women, while the supervisors enjoy jurisdiction only over men. Arguing that such help is needed only at lesser stops on the circuit, like Dayton and North Conway, the Big Three have tried to relegate supervisors to little more than an advisory role. The results have been disastrous, witness the shameful shouting match Ilie Nastase was allowed to engage in with umpire Frank Hammond at last year's U.S. Open and the failure to penalize Guillermo Vilas at last month's French Open when he was late for his match with Manuel Orantes, who defaulted in protest. In both cases, the power of supervisors to deal with the miscreants was undermined by bumbling tournament officials.

The dispute over supervisors has been exacerbated by the Professional Tennis Council, which consists of three players, three tournament directors and three representatives of the International Tennis Federation. The council pays and assigns the supervisors, and a few months ago it voted 8-0 (with one abstention) that all tournaments, the Big Three included, had to adhere to its rules and procedures. More recently, however, it backed off and

decided by a 6-3 margin (the three players cast the minority votes) that neither the Big Three nor the fourth Grand Slam tournament, the Australian Open, had to use supervisors. Angered by that decision, the ATP voted overwhelmingly at a meeting in London on the eve of Wimbledon to boycott the U.S. Open unless a supervisor is on the job at Flushing Meadow. And according to the ATP, 25 players have already withdrawn from the tournament.

Since withdrawals become final only on July 15, it won't be known until then how serious the boycott threat might be. What hurts the ATP's leverage is that while virtually every other player belongs to the union, the top four—Borg, McEnroe, Connors and Gernaults—don't. Still, they are believed to be generally on the ATP's side in the dispute, and there is no denying that many other players are angry and mean business. Butch Buchholz, the new ATP executive director, says, "I didn't know my players as well as I should. I had no idea they were so upset about this issue."

GRANDFATHER TIME

Lest anybody think that Al Oerter is the only vintage Olympic champion with life left in the old bones, there's also Alain Mimoun, who at 59 recently finished the second annual Paris Marathon in two hours, 49 minutes and 45 seconds. Mimoun's feat is particularly impressive when you consider that his gold-medal time for the 1956 Olympic marathon in Melbourne was 2:25:00. That means that in 24 years he has lost barely a minute a year over 26 miles and 385 yards.

MONKEYSHINES AT ANAHEIM

As president of the San Diego Padres, Buzzie Bavasi had a hand in the baseball debut in 1974 of that famous costumed character, the Chicken. Thus, Bavasi has only himself to thank that Chicken-like mascots have since proliferated at other ball parks. And that he, now executive vice-president of the Cal-

ifornia Angels, was fated to come face-to-furry-face with Joe Badame.

Badame is a 35-year-old fan who showed up at Anaheim Stadium on opening night clad in a slightly decrepit, decidedly smelly, ape's costume. Promptly dubbed Angel Ape, Badame became a regular at Angel home games, during which he flashed cards to spell out the team's name and led cheers by waving a white towel. But some fans grouched that the ape man's antics were less than amusing and that he frightened children. Others complained that he obstructed their view, but, as Bavasi said, "We couldn't make him stay in his seat, because then they complained about how he smelled." To make matters worse, superstitious members of the Angels, last year's American League West champions, blamed the Angel Ape for their skid into the cellar this season. As Don Baylor put it, "He wasn't around last year, and ever since he appeared, we haven't won."

Dick Foster, the stadium's director of operations, finally banished the ape costume, prompting Badame to protest. "I don't know why the players began



picking on me. I wasn't on their pitching staff." Badame reemerged for one game wearing a less malodorous bunny suit and billing himself as the Halo Hare, but then disappeared, explaining that with rabbit paws, he couldn't properly hold his flash cards. Bavasi, who admits to growing doubt about the value of mascots in baseball, calls the fuss stirred up by Badame "a pain."

SERIES POLITICS

There have been seven presidential elections since 1952, and George L. Grassmuck, a political science professor at the University of Michigan, makes an interesting observation about them. Four of

continued

the elections were won by Republicans, and each G.O.P. victory occurred in a year in which an American League team won the World Series (1952, 1956, 1968 and 1972). The three Democratic wins occurred in years in which the Series went to National League clubs (1960, 1964 and 1976). These correlations suggest that baseball's October Classic could have important implications for this November's election. A victory in the World Series by, say, the Yankees presumably would portend a Reagan triumph. An Astro victory, on the other hand, would mean it's Carter again.

It all seems pretty cut and dried. Unless—dare we suggest—Sparky Anderson's surprising Detroit Tigers continue their recent red-hot play and win the American League pennant and the World Series. That highly improbable result could mean that another silver-haired fellow named Anderson, the one running for the White House, might upset the political applecart.

ALIEN INFLUENCE

In his review of the martial arts film *Kali or Be Killed* (page 40), Frank Deford deplores the growing popularity of soccer in the U.S. as an un-American phenomenon that had better be stamped out if we know what's good for us. A similar sentiment is expressed at one critical point in the screenplay of another movie, *Escape to Victory*, which Director John Huston is currently filming in Budapest. The movie spins a story about a match during World War II between the German national soccer team and a group of Allied prisoners of war. The goaltender for the prisoners is an American, played by Sylvester Stallone, who is introduced to the game by his fellow captives. At first he doesn't cotton to soccer and mopes on tackling opposing players NFL linebacker-style.

"If you use that bloody barbaric American style again, you'll be barred—no tackling!" Stallone is warned by a British prisoner, who is played by Michael Caine.

Stallone snaps, "And I still say that's a chicken—rule. I mean, what kind of game is this? For queers and old women..."

Stallone and Caine are joined for the game against the Germans by other prisoners, who are portrayed by an all-star assemblage of real-life soccer players that includes Pelé and Britain's Bobby Moore

We won't divulge what happens except to say that Stallone changes his mind about the worthiness of soccer. Deford may not budge so easily.

IVIE'S RETIREMENT

It appeared last season that Mike Ivie, the San Francisco Giants' gifted young first baseman, had finally stepped out of Willie McCovey's huge shadow. Having spent the better part of four previous big league seasons being platooned with the slugger on both the San Diego Padres and the Giants, the 6' 4", 210-pound Ivie eclipsed the fading McCovey by hitting .286 with a career-high 27 home runs. But last week he seemed ready to slip back into the shadow forever. Three days after McCovey, 42, announced his retirement, the 27-year-old Ivie did likewise. Although Ivie was in the first year of a five-year, \$1.5 million contract, he said his decision to play organized baseball had been a mistake, an admission that tended to overshadow his declaration a couple of days later that he had changed his mind about retiring.

Ivie's mistake, if that's what it was, occurred after he was selected by San Diego as the top choice in baseball's 1970 draft. At the time he was 17 years old, and a catcher. Following Ivie's signing, he joined the Padres for a workout and took some needling from older players when one of his throws to the mound went awry. Thereafter he developed an apparent mental block about throwing balls to pitchers, double- and triple-pumping his arm as teammates looked on dumbfounded. When Ivie reached the majors for good in 1975, it was as a first baseman, although he did play catcher on a 1-0 loss to the Cubs in 1976. The lone run scored on a ninth-inning throwing error charged to Ivie, who was so distraught over the misplay that Manager John McNamara questioned his "toughness."

Because Ivie was often slow to return to action following injuries, teammates saddled him with the facetious nickname "Scrap Iron." Ivie also spent an inordinate amount of time checking the lineup card posted in the Padre dugout, for fear, he explained, of batting out of turn. On two occasions he walked out on the Padres. He was traded to the Giants in 1978, when San Diego owner Ray Kroc decided, as he cruelly put it, that he was "last year's loaf of bread."

On the strength of Ivie's performance last season, the team media guide called

him "perhaps the best Giant acquisition in recent years," but he injured a hand this season, then went on the disabled list because of "mental exhaustion" and was hitting .231 with just two home runs. Ivie decided to retire over the objections of his wife Pam and without consulting his parents, who exercised so great an influence on him that Giant Pitcher Tom Griffin said, "This might be the first decision Mike has ever made on his own." For his part, Ivie called baseball "dehumanizing" and said he welcomed the prospect of becoming "an average Joe." When he changed his mind and said he wanted to return, the Giants made no immediate move to reactivate him. If nothing else, the troubled Ivie seemed to be proving his own contention that "playing in the big leagues is more mental than physical."

ICE POPS

Ken Morrow, one of the stars of the gold-medal-winning U.S. Olympic hockey team, stopped by the Pittsburgh Pirate locker room in Three Rivers Stadium the other day and was introduced to another sports hero of the past year, Willie Stargell. Morrow, who now plays for the New York Islanders, was startled to hear Stargell say, "Hey, that win in Lake Placid cost me a lot of money."

What's this? Could the World Series hero have bet against the good old U.S. of A. in the Olympics? No, it's just that 13-year-old Wilver Stargell Jr. was so inspired by the American hockey team's victory that he hit on Pop—all right, Pops—for new skates, sticks and pads and enrolled in a Saturday hockey camp in Pittsburgh. And since the lad is a scrapping 5' 6" and "growing all the time," the elder Stargell figures he will have to be constantly replacing that pricey gear. "It's about to break me," complained Stargell. "Whatever happened to the simple things kids played, like shooting marbles into a matchbox?"

THEY SAID IT

• Armand Pohan, president of the Colorado Rockies, introducing Coach Billy MacMillan as successor to the loquacious Don Cherry: "He has a big pair of lungs to fill."

• Second Baseman Jack Brohamer, after Boston sold him to Cleveland and then was walloped 20-2 the next night by the Angels: "See, I was the glue that held the Red Sox together." **END**

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JULY 7, 1990



TRYING HARD



The Olympic Track and Field Trials led to a dead end, not to the Games in Moscow. Nevertheless, competitors like winning vaulter Tom Hintnaus gave golden performances by KENNY MOORE

TO GO NOWHERE

CONTINUED

With 400 meters gone in the Olympic Trials 1,500-meter race, Steve Scott strained to catch—through the wind in his ears—the split times being called to the runners. He was in second place, behind Craig Masback, and he had a plan. If the first quarter were :59 or :60, he meant to take the lead and run 57s for the next two laps, hitting the three-quarter mile in 2:54. A sustained sprint from there would bring him near Jim Ryan's 13-year-old American record of 3:33.1. The time he heard was :58.6.

But a hard, cold wind was blowing out of the Willamette Valley to the north, snapping the flags surrounding the University of Oregon's Hayward Field in Eugene and making it difficult to keep to his plan. A few minutes later the same wind would blow away Mary Decker's chances of breaking Jan Merrill's American record in the women's 1,500, and Decker would have to settle for a Trials-record 4:04.91.

Ahead, Masback slowed. "I'd hoped he would protect me for one more backstretch," said Scott later. When Masback didn't, Scott went to the front. "I just hate the kicker's type of race," he would say. "Three minutes at the three-quarter and the whole field ready to blast by."

Scott had reason to be nervous about kickers. Behind him somewhere was Don Paige, who six days before had sprinted for the final three-quarters of a lap to win the 800 in 1:44.53, the best in the world this year. "I had watched that and kind of went into a one-day frenzy," said Scott. "My coach, Len Miller, settled me down. The plan was to put Paige away early after his 800 races and a hard 1,500 heat yesterday." Scott's pace did just that, abetted by Paige's very sore left Achilles tendon. After half a mile it was clear that Paige would be no factor, and he dropped out, on the shouted advice of meet physicians.

Now Scott forced the pace, not so much with resolve as with absorption. "I didn't hear the crowd. The second and third laps almost aren't there in memory," he said. They were there in fact, as he and Steve Lacy were pulling away, passing three-quarters in 2:54.7, very near where Scott wanted to be.

With 300 meters to run, Scott called himself to maximum effort. In answer,



Henry Marsh won the grueling and closely fought triplechase with an American-record time of 8:15.7.

the wind pressed against him even harder. "It really stood me up that last lap," he said. Lacy stayed close. Out of the last turn Scott drifted wide and it looked as if Lacy had the strength to challenge on the inside. But Scott's stamina was too great and he pulled away to a seven-yard victory. He hit the tape pale and grateful in 3:35.15, about two seconds from Ryan's record but the fastest time in the world this year. Lacy finished in a personal best of 3:36.23.

"Without the wind I know I could have done it," Scott said. "But it's so good to get it over. I can't imagine what the Olympic pressure must be like, if it's like this for Trials that don't even get you there."

"These aren't the Olympic Trials,"

said Al Oerter shortly before the discus throw. And Oerter, unlike Scott, ought to know, having won four Olympic gold medals. "I'm sure they're not the Olympic Trials because I've been sleeping at night. It's a wonderful track meet, but a meet for its own sake, nothing more."

In this atmosphere one could easily preserve one's wishful conviction that instead of settling for fourth with a throw of 215' 1" behind the masterful 225' 4" of Mac Wilkins and the 223' 1" of John Powell and the 218' 2" of Ben Plucknett, Oerter, breathing in the sharp air of a real Olympics Trial, would have pulled out at least third place on his final throw.

Yet athletes give their own meaning to what they do, simply by the force of their desires. "Being an Olympian, even

in name only, is rare," said Powell. "It doesn't do much on resumés, I can attest, but you have to go for what you can get. It is important."

So within these limits the nation's best track athletes fought it out, producing a meet filled with as much poignancy—and as much acrimony—as any true Trials could want. Certainly for poignancy, the performance of Madeline Manning, Oerter's only fellow gold medalist from the 1968 Games competing in Eugene, would long be remembered by the knowledgeable and enthusiastic crowd. Manning had retired from running twice since Mexico City, the first time in 1972 following a heartbreaking semifinal loss at the Munich Olympics where, because of a judge's error, she stopped short of the finish line. But she came back and became the first American woman ever to run the 800 in less than 2:00 during the 1976 Trials, only to finish last in her semifinal heat in Montreal with a 2:07.

Lying awake that night questioning her performance, she opened a Bible and found herself staring at *Galatians* 5:7, which reads, "Ye did run well." Two weeks later at College Park, Md., Manning set the still-existing American record of 1:57.9. She again retired at the end of that season and embarked on a career of ministering, but began running again in 1978.

In the soft rain before the 800 final at Eugene, Manning called her rivals together for a prayer, telling them, "Nobody can lose doing her best." Then she stripped off her blue sweats and ran her best since coming out of retirement to win by 15 meters in a Trials record of 1:58.3.

Here, too, were the Howard sisters of Los Angeles, Sherri, 18, and Denean, 15, finishing first and third in the women's 400, with a 51.48 for Sherri on a sore ankle, and a 51.70 for Denean, who, though not yet a junior at Kennedy High,

seems potentially the greatest talent the event has ever seen. The pair, who hugged as if magnetized after the race, became the first sisters ever to make an Olympic team in the same event. Their mother, Barbara, was left shaking. "I don't think Denean realizes what she has done," she said, and that was nice, too, the thought that the moment of accomplishment might grow richer with time.

On the experienced side of the ledger were Edwin Moses and Craig Virgin. Moses, recovering from a sore foot, cruised through a magnificent 47.90-second victory in the 400-meter hurdles, winning his 38th straight race. An early and vehement foe of the boycott, Moses seemed to have gained at best the perspective of resignation. "I'm disappointed, every athlete in America is disappointed. But I hope that in some way our sacrifice will help keep the planet Earth peaceful. If we can do that passively, what can you say?" *continued*

Craig Virgin's strategic surges sapped Herb Lindsey's strength in the 10,000, while Don Paige's 1:44.53 in the 800 (right) was best in the world this year.





Marving's 1:58.3 was her best 800 since 1975

U.S. TRIALS continued

Virgin won the 10,000 in 27:45.61 with surging tactics that broke most of the field early and Herb Lindsay after 3½ miles. "I came here knowing Lindsay could out-kick me if I couldn't shake him," said Virgin the next day. "I was willing to have a death battle with him." As Virgin spoke he witnessed Deby LaPlante and Stephanie Hightower wage their own swift struggle for supremacy in the 100-meter hurdles. Hightower led for six of the 10 barriers, then LaPlante came on, running recklessly, faster, she thought later, than ever before. Too fast. She clipped the eighth hurdle, lost her balance and jackknifed over the ninth, injuring her right shoulder and turning her world into one of confusion and pain as Hightower blew on to a 12.90 victory, second fastest ever by an American.

"That's sad," said Virgin, transfixed, as trainers and LaPlante's husband, Fred, bent over her writhing form, "but not so tragic as if we were going to the Games."

While the athletes struggled to perform to Olympic standards, it seemed that the bureaucracies that govern track and field were similarly compelled. Former professionals, including shotputter Brian Oldfield, hurdler Rod Milburn and pole vaulter Steve Smith, had been members of the now-deceased professional

track tour (1973-76) and had only been reinstated for international amateur competition this spring by the International Amateur Athletic Federation. Yet the International Olympic Committee had not gotten around to clearing them for Olympic competition, having the larger question of the survival of the Games before it. Therefore, the former professionals were banned from the Trials. "This meet is to select the team we would have taken if we were going," said Coach Jimmy Carnes, who is also president of The Athletes Congress, the national governing body for track and field. "They couldn't go to Moscow, so they can't compete here. It's that simple."

Simple it turned out not to be. On the Friday before the Trials began, five hours of hearings in Philadelphia reaffirmed the U.S. Olympic Committee's right to keep the former pros out of its Trials, even though the team would not be going to the Games. "The only way those athletes can get in the meet now is with a court order," said Carnes.

The following Monday two separate actions against the USOC and TAC were filed, one for a temporary restraining order by Steve Smith in Federal Court in Portland, the other for a temporary injunction by 1972 Olympic Coach Bill Bowerman on behalf of Oldfield in Eugene. Both were granted the next day. Oldfield took the papers to meet director Bob Newland, who said, "Glad to have you. I'm only sorry this couldn't have happened in time for Rod." That was because over the weekend a sober Milburn had had to watch Renaldo Nehemiah bolt through the rain to the high-hurdle title in 13.26. But this tortuous episode is about nothing if not justice, and there was a measure of that in London on Friday when Milburn finally got on a track against Nehemiah and won in 13.69 on a cold night when Nehemiah clobbered the last hurdle.

Smith, who once held the indoor world record at 18' 5", went on to vault more than 18 feet on Friday for the first time since 1976, finishing fourth at 18' 2½" behind Oregon's Tom Hintnaus' 18' 4½". Before this season, Hintnaus had never cleared 18'. "I don't know what was more unbelievable, getting in or getting over," said Smith, whose wife, Cindy Jo, was one of the attorneys on his case.

Many observers were struck by the apparent vindictiveness of the TAC officials

against the former ITA men. Asked why Carnes didn't seem to appreciate him, Oldfield answered as a classical tragedian might, remarking on how we are locked into our fate by our character. "He's not supposed to like me," he said. "He's an official. I'm an *artiste*."

But Oldfield's artistry, the putting of a 16-pound iron globe from the 360° spin he invented, calls for delicate technique and is capable of misfiring when charged with too much emotion. Two weeks earlier he had thrown a 71' 7" at the TAC's own meet, but Oldfield had a terrible day in the Trials finals, finishing fourth with 67' 4½". Surprising 1976 Olympian Pete Shmuck put 68' 4", farther than he has in four years, to win a close competition from Al Feuerbach (68' 3¼") and Colin Anderson (68' ¾"). Shmuck always trains alone, so perhaps he was better prepared for the loneliness of pressure.

Oldfield did not rage against his fate, sensing that his hubris had been punished. "I've been humbled. But what can I say? Those are my friends who won," he said.

One other victorious friend was Bowerman, who had directed Oldfield's legal work and saw the case as setting a clear precedent concerning all athletes' rights to compete free of arbitrary restrictions. "Maybe it's a little shaft from the long history of self-centered administration of our sport," he said. Bowerman retired from Oregon in 1974 but still coaches a dozen or so athletes he is fond of, one of them steeplechaser Henry Marsh, 26, a law student at Oregon. Bowerman's pre-race instructions to Marsh were laconic: "If the wind is strong in the backstretch, make your moves in the front."

The wind was strong against the runners in the backstretch, so a fast race seemed unlikely, but a series of courageous moves would make this the best steeplechase in U.S. history. Doug Brown led briefly, but Mike Roche of the Greater Boston T.C. went past him hard and drove the pace for two laps. Then Brown took the lead back, passing the four-lap mark in 4:25. Marsh, who had run last for three laps, was moving up as stragglers fell out of the pack. Arizona's Thom Hunt surged ahead with three of the 3,000-meter race's 7½ laps remaining, keeping the pressure on. With two laps left, Athletics West's third finalist, Ron Addison, tried to get away. Although he staggered after clearing the barrier at the top of the backstretch, he refused to be

passed by Brown. Marsh had moved to fourth, behind Ken Martin. With one lap to go, the top four were within two yards and the time was 7:13. A 66-second lap would break Brown's American record of 8:19.3. Aiming to do it himself, Brown moved past Addison with 330 yards left. His lead lasted all of a dozen strides as Marsh let go with a powerful sprint that carried him well ahead. Taking the last barrier like an intermediate hurdler, he flew on to the tape in 8:15.7. Brown finished in 8:20.6. Behind him, Addison was practically blind with exhaustion. Georgetown University's young John Gregorek sprinted up the inside to take the third place, in 8:21.4. As Gregorek came even, 10 yards from the end, Addison lurched into him and went sprawling on the track a yard from the line. With a fractured collarbone, he rolled across in 8:22.6 but was disqualified for causing the collision.

The female athlete of the meet was clearly Jodi Anderson, who, after winning the pentathlon last week, added four inches to her American record in the long jump with a 22' 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", thus becoming only the second woman ever to jump seven meters, which she hit on the nose. (The U.S.S.R.'s Vilma Bardauskiene, who holds the world record of 23' 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", is the other.)

At the measurement, Anderson fell to her knees and buried her face in her hands. Regaining her composure, she included all the applauding crowd in a gesture of thanks. "It didn't feel like 22' 11"," she said later. "It felt like 22' 7". I was on a high, unaware of what I was doing, just letting the training, the hard work do its job."

Chuck DeBus, Anderson's coach, predicted a world record when she can handle a slightly longer approach and defended her labors for the pentathlon as strengthening her long jumping. On next year's change of the women's multievent from five events to seven (adding the javelin and 200 meters), he was blunt. "It's stupid. They should go right to the decathlon. There is no question that Jodi could pole-vault very high." His tone, so often heard at these trials, was that of a sense of justice offended. "It's the same old thing. They say women can't do as much as men. Officials. They never learn."

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Pentathlon winner Jodi Anderson doubled with an American record of 22' 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ " in the long jump.



A PUNCH-UP THAT LED TO A KNEES-UP

Alan Minter so firmly established himself as middleweight champ with his win over Vito Antuofermo that it was time for a Cockney fest **by CLIVE GAMMON**

Midway through the seventh round at Wembley Arena in London last Saturday night, Vito Antuofermo's face was an infrared map of hell, his cheeks streaked with rivulets of blood, his left eye a crimson pool. At ringside his wife screamed for the fight to be ended, and referee Octavio Meyran, halting the action and calling in the doctor, seemed intent on doing just that. And Alan Minter, high on triumph, leaped and danced in the center of the ring to the cheers of his 10,000 utterly committed fans.

But then, incredibly, the referee signaled for the fighters to continue, and Antuofermo made another of his brave, wild, blind-bull charges, pushing Minter back onto the ropes, connecting with a right. And the bout went on, with each passing second burying more deeply the confident predictions made about it. The pundits had forecast a photocopy of the Antuofermo-Minter fight in Las Vegas just 104 days before, when the Englishman had taken away Antuofermo's middleweight world title—one unique in boxing, in that it's recognized by both the WBA and WBC.

The experts asserted that Minter would fight as he had in Nevada, content to rack up points while retreating from Antuofermo's rushes, keeping out of trouble, boxing cool. From the beginning of this fight, though, there was an entirely different Minter. As Antuofermo bore in, Minter stood his ground, punishing his opponent's scarcely defended face with right jabs. And as he did so, bloodying Antuofermo in the very first round, it seemed, paradoxically, that the only thing he had left to worry about was the effect on himself of his howling, oversupportive fans, whose stomping had even drowned out the silver-trumpeted fanfares of the marines when the fighters were introduced.

Earlier in the week Minter had confided that fear. "I've got to be careful of my own crowd, careful not to let them work me up," he'd said. "I have to control myself, only get involved in my own time. I reckon I'm a better fighter on the

road. I've learned to control myself—I used to be a bit of a hothead."

Minter said this at the gym above the Thomas à Becket Public House on the Old Kent Road in London's Southwark, the kind of inner-city zone that gives inner cities a bad name. Seven hundred years ago pilgrims watered their horses at a hostelry on the site of the pub on their way to Canterbury in Kent, to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. The present building, in which Minter did the final phases of his training, is scarcely a century old, an echoing Victorian extravaganza that miraculously survived the World War II Blitz that leveled square miles all around it.

Minter, too, had to survive an expected blitz. "All right," he said, "I know that he has to rough me up and that he's trying to upset me already, calling me pussycat, that kind of thing. He's got a bigger mouth than the Thames. They're nagging me to get me into a brawl."

Which is why Minter was also concerned about the refereeing. He had been told that Carlos Padilla, the referee in the Sugar Ray Leonard-Roberto Duran fight, had been taken aside before that bout by a WBC official and instructed not to interfere too much. Padilla had refereed the fight in Vegas in which Minter had won his title—and on that occasion Antuofermo had complained that there had been too much interference, that he had been prevented from fighting in his customary style. For the rematch, Octavio Meyran of Mexico would referee, and no one seemed to know much about his officiating.

Antuofermo, an Italian citizen who lives in Brooklyn, had almost the same worry when he headed into London last Wednesday after almost three weeks of training in the mountains near Genoa in northern Italy. "Who are the officials?" he wanted to know immediately, and Mickey Duff, the promoter, read the names of the European judges and the Mexican referee. Antuofermo granted noncommittally. What he was undoubtedly thinking of was the extraordinary



Minter confidently held his ground and jabbed

scoring in Vegas of an English judge. Roland Dakin, who had given 13 rounds to Minter, scored one even and given only one to Antuofermo—eccentric behavior at best. Dakin keeps a seaside pub at Bracklesham Bay in Sussex, Minter's home county, and when Antuofermo came into town, Dakin urged him to head down to the coast, to try a pint of real English beer, an invitation that was not taken up. No, declared Antuofermo, all he wanted in England was to get his title back, the one Minter had borrowed. He said that in a West London hotel on a cold June evening that hardly seemed to require the heavily framed, very dark sunglasses that he refused to take off for the photographers. He was just superstitious, he declared. It was his rule to wear shades before a fight, even in bed. He had neglected to do so in Vegas against Minter and look where that got him.

Under pressure, though, Antuofermo confessed that the glasses hid a real shiner, courtesy of a sparring partner. He said



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN JACONI

were confident under the smiling oil painting of Henry Cooper, the former heavyweight contender. For years Our 'Emery had been the idol of the Cockney fans, and they were a little sniffy at first about Minter, a boy from out of town. But they'd been won over by his performance in Vegas.

"There won't 'arf be a knees-up in 'ere when 'e wins on Saturday," somebody said. A Cockney "knees-up" being a lot of beer, a lot of dancing and singing of old-time songs.

There were an awful lot of Cockneys in Wembley Arena for the fight, a sell-out, and the din was enormous.

From the start, Antuofermo—heavily mustached, unshaven for days, barrel-chested, a smaller Rocky Marciano—threw wild punches and charged in low. Which was absolutely no surprise. And Minter did not retreat. He stood up, crashing rights into a face that Antuofermo seemed uninterested in protecting. Then Minter would follow the jabs with left crosses. Authoritative and aggressive, Minter guided those jabs with cold eyes. In 51 fights Antuofermo had been stopped only twice, but just before the end of Round 1 one of Minter's combinations cut him over the nose, a little toward the right eyebrow. Already Antuofermo was in trouble.

For only a moment in the whole fight, at the end of the second round, did Minter lose his cool. Then he seemed to ignore the bell, going after Antuofermo so that his father-in-law and trainer, Doug Bidwell, had to drag him toward his corner. Now there was a split over Antuofermo's left brow, the crowd was chanting Minter's name, and the beginning of Round 3 would be his moment of temptation to mix it with Antuofermo.

But Minter avoided it. The third reverted to the pattern of Round 1, Antuofermo coming on like one of those doomed divisions on the Western Front in World War I. When, briefly, he managed to get Minter on the ropes, the champion slipped him expertly. Twice Minter coolly turned his back on Antuofermo, inviting the referee to intervene, which he did. One Antuofermo rush, almost at belly level, came close to pushing Minter through the ropes, but he twisted away, grinning a wolf's grin.

In the sixth, Minter opened up Antuofermo's right eye again, with a looping right. Not until the seventh did Antuofermo catch Minter—with a right chop

and a left hook—but instantly the champion was counterpunching heavily. Antuofermo's face was again a bloody mess, and the referee was intervening, borrowing a towel to wipe the blood from his own face as the doctor examined Antuofermo.

And then the eighth: two more right jabs and a left from Minter were enough to prompt Carione to move into the ring to concede after the round ended. As Minter leaped high in the ring, this time with reason, they were still working on Antuofermo's face. Eighteen stitches would be needed to close him up, and gallantly, simply, he would say of Minter, "A great champion."

"It's a shame his corner stopped him," said Minter. "I would have done him in in the next few rounds. I was homing in on his chin." A new Minter, all right, now the undisputed middleweight champion.

And a busy one, his manager reckoned. "He'll rest, but not for long," Bidwell said. Marvin Hagler would seem the logical choice for Minter's next defense, and down at the Thomas à Becket they'll no doubt arrange another knees-up for that.

END

For Antuofermo it was just a bloody bad fight



that if he were home in Brooklyn, his mother would have cleared it up in no time with one of her celebrated bread, water and parsley poultices.

Antuofermo was jaunty enough on the surface but the worries were still there. The refereeing: "Padilla took away my strength by breaking us up all the time, then last week he lets Duran swarm all over Leonard." And cuts: both he and Minter are notorious bleeders, though neither had suffered from this in Vegas. Fighting under British Board of Boxing Control regulations, Antuofermo's cornermen, Howie Albert and Tony Carione, would be permitted to use only a very mild 1-in-1,000 solution of Adrenalin as a coagulant.

It was hard to tell what sort of shape Antuofermo was in, but there was no such uncertainty about Minter. In the gym Minter was eager and sharp, scornful protective headgear in some sparring rounds. And in the bar downstairs, a shrine to boxing, not Becket, the locals

OF VOLLEYS AND BROLLIES

by FRANK DEFORD

The tennis was mixed with raindrops as fans at the famed tournament spent long hours huddled under umbrellas

Monday, June 23

The opening match on Centre Court is traditionally awarded to the men's defending champion—The Holder—but whatever scheduling follows depends on the whims of a wise though capricious referee. There was, then, a patch of irony that Bjorn Borg was succeeded upon the velvet greensward by Ilie Nastase.



Assigned to Centre Court, Nastase selects a choice seat

But for the demons which reside between Nastase's rabbit ears, he, not Borg, might well have become the nonpareil. He was, perhaps unbelievably, quicker than Borg and every bit the athlete. All too often, though, Nastase's worst would get the best of him, and at those times when it mattered most—Davis Cup or Wimbledon—the threads would unravel.

His last chance for true glory came in 1976. But in the Wimbledon final that year, the Borg-child, barely 20, whapped the favored Nastase in straight sets. Ever since, it has not been the contest for Nastase—only the stage. How delighted he was last August when he got to play John McEnroe at night in the U.S. Open! There is about Nastase now the sad aspect of an old opera star cadging drinks in some saloon by belting out *Mefancholy Baby*—The Entertainer.

Borg, of course, is never swayed from the task at hand. Today he beat Ismail El Shafei in three sets, his 29th victory in a row here. The Egyptian is 32, pudgy and a part-timer, but once before, in 1974, he beat Borg at Wimbledon. The future champion was just 18 then, baffled by his new fame and the screeching schoolgirls, harried by an exhausting schedule. One sees Borg now, coming off court after that defeat, his ferret eyes spiritless, hunched. He used to give away such matches when he was tired and wanted to go home. These days his campaign is too well planned for him to suffer any such human failure.

The British find him terribly tedious—this first day a scalper opined that his trade would be hurt if the "boring" Borg made it to the finals—but they do give him his due. His autobiography is in the bookshops here, there was a prime-time TV hour devoted to his life and reports of his imminent mar-

riage are as unrelenting as the rain. So the crowd was relieved to have Nastase for a dessert course, and he did not disappoint them, except perhaps in the sense that he routed one of their own, the journeyman John Feaver. Nastase imitated a skater on the slippery turf; he fell to his knees to escape the rays of the sun, which broke through just as it set; he remonstrated with the new electric serve-line indicator—and with all the laughing and gesticulating, he was never mean. But then, he was never threatened, either.

Tuesday, June 24

It rained again much of the afternoon, and there was virtually no play before 6:30. Yet the 28,103 fans, on hand since the 2 p.m. watching hour, milled about patiently under their brollies. Many stayed out in the showers, clinging to their wet seats (or standing spots) lest they lose them when merely dank, playable weather returned. As we know from the American cliché-ization of Wimbledon, these gentlefolk of Britain are mad for tennis.

Not really. It is just tennis at Wim-



bledon. Elsewhere in England, there are few public courts and almost no indoor facilities, and in the schools, boys are all but discouraged from taking up the game—battles, you must remember, are won on playing fields, not courts. All the best male players are inbred, coming from tennis families.

Two such old-line stalwarts squared off in the first round: Buster Mottram, the top-ranked Briton, and John Lloyd, who held that honor before he became more devoted to being a husband than a player. The sad part about this confrontation, this battle of Britain, is how little the natives cared. Not long ago it would have been held on Centre Court. Then, the headlines would have screamed in despair as England's best went out of the tournament: **BLACK DAY FOR BRITAIN**, that sort of stuff.

But today, Mottram and Lloyd were shunted to Court 2, and virtually all those in attendance were females, there for beauty not for country. The Gorgeous Lloyd is all the more an attraction since he married a real live champion, and he and Chris have become a national valentine. The missus watched from the Players' Tea Room balcony. Below, most of the little girls wore LLOYD IS LOVELY buttons. Poor dears: he lost to Mottram 6-4, 6-2, 6-2 without ever so much as breaking serve or expression.

"Let's face it, we're a third-rate tennis nation now," says Roger Taylor, a

handsome idol before Lloyd, the best British player in a generation or more. "I tried to get an indoor facility built near here, but it was voted down solidly. They voted against tennis in Wimbledon! But it is not all the climate or the courts. Our players lack singlemindedness, guts, the killer instinct—call it what you like."

Worse, Wimbledon, that great international festival, is becoming too American. Of the 128 players in the Gentlemen's Singles, 50-39%—are Yanks. In the Ladies', 51 of the 96-53%—are from the U.S. In just a few years, the U.S. press contingent has increased threefold. Some apostates say that the best food on the hallowed grounds is in the NBC tent. As you know, the Beatles moved to Hollywood or New York. London Bridge was installed in Arizona, the Queen Mary in Long Beach. One has this horrible rainy-day nightmare of some developer in Florida or even Texas. God forbid, building a planned condo community, Ye Old Villa Rancho Estates, and buying Wimbledon, Centre Court and all, as the showpiece.

Wednesday, June 25

Only 96 matches behind schedule, but it did not rain. Wednesday's child is . . .

Andrea Jaeger, just 15, the youngest seed ever (No. 14), all pigtails and precision, braces and baseline. Here we go again. She won 4 and 2.

Scott Davis, 17, tall, California, top seeded in the juniors, came through qualifying to the main draw. Opponent: Corrado Barazzutti, alias The Little Soldier, 24th in the world. He and a rude coterie of his Italian countrymen raucously cheer and taunt. When not in Rome, do as the Romans do. The Little Soldier chats with a girl in the stands while Davis is preparing to serve. He hits a return 150 feet, over several fences. "That didn't bother me," Davis says afterward, "but I knew he was doing it to bother me, and that bothered me." Davis didn't win, but he didn't take the bait, either. Tab the kid.

Ramesh Krishnan, 19, short, son of India's greatest player, Ramanathan Krishnan. Some feather-duster strokes. Father,



Alas, the smile disappeared when her hero lost.

portly now, watches silently. Ladies in saris, diamonds on their faces, watch silently. Ramesh beats Bill Scanlon, '79 quarterfinalist. Scanlon, losing, does insulting mimicry of Indians. With dignity, Krishnan family pretends not to notice.

And, nostalgia buffs, Pam Shriver, U.S. Open finalist way back in '78. Posted a 100-1 shot here. Unseeded. And she is still only 17. After that magical Open, Pam went back to prep school, but when she graduated last June, she promptly hurt her serving shoulder. Then tonsils. Then confidence. "She's fallen a long way," says her coach, Don Candy, "and you don't fall that far and get up unscathed." She says, "It's tough to live with certain things when you're not finding them again." Like what? "Like success."

It is almost eight o'clock under the northern sun of summer solstice before Shriver's first-round match even begins. So stylish she is, so unlike the other young women players. Glamorous and leggy as a woman, animated and pouty as a girl. "Sugar!" she cries in disgust. You're beautiful when you're angry, baby. She moves, serves and volleys, mixes it up like a pitcher: she's an Oriole fan, knows good pitching. But she is also . . . "awful," says Candy. Still, Shriver is ahead 3-1 in the third, at 8:52, when her German opponent begs off because of darkness. Shriver and Wimbledon are through three days and still not through the first round.

continued



Wimbledon Diary

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY DUFFY

Ex-Wimbledon champ Smith has struggled of late, but still gallantly chases his lost form



Stepping a comeback at 17, Shriver battled an opponent and rain two days before winning



A two tested slugger of the Evett-Austin mold, Jaeger 15 was the youngest seed ever



Rochevick took two sets from McEnroe, but no one thought he would win, himself included

Thursday, June 26

Ordinarily, Billie Jean King's press conferences are the high work of that low art. Often, it seems, her playing is mere prelude; indeed, so commanding can she be in this theater that when a few years ago she started to slide downhill and she and the victor would be brought in together to see the press, it was obvious that Billie Jean was going to whip her conqueror at this game, if not the other. Soon, the winner would be all but ignored, as the great lady of the verbal volleys held sway. Today, however, Billie Jean beat Anne Smith in two uneven sets, but her press conference was clearly a cursory early-round performance. She will do better next week.

Right now, Wimbledon is depressing and desultory. Every tournament possesses a certain dynamic—upsets, for example, tend to come in bunches here. But there has been so much rain, and today a great hailstorm as well, that the whole enterprise has lost its way. The mere matter of playing squeezes out that of winning and losing. The players, packed together for hours in their Team Room, have grown stale and fidgety, are a bit short of temper as they stare woefully at the heavens. "I came 7,000 miles from my home for this!" asks Tom Gorman of Seattle and Greater Mount Saint Helens.

Oh well, just before Jupiter Pluvius struck again, Shriver finished off her win at 6-1.

Friday, June 27

Terry Rocavert of Sydney, 112th in the world, was to play John McEnroe, No. 2, on Court 3. The courtesy car that Wimbledon provides for all contestants (even the Terry Rocaverts) did not show at his flat in Bayswater. He called a cab, and then his wife Kaye left to buy plane tickets for them to go to the U.S. tomorrow. The taxi got lost, and Rocavert arrived just in time to rush onto the court, without any practice.

Surprisingly, Rocavert won the first set 6-4 and began to get interested. Court 3 was especially soft from the rains and surrounded by crowd distractions. Also, McEnroe has become a shadow of the young master who, once could send even Borg reeling from the court. Probably he has

played too much. Certainly he has lost the magnificent slice serve. But McEnroe won the second set and moved up 5-2 in the third. Rocavert all but quit. Then, looking about at the swelling crowd that came to see him—a curiosity—he thought he'd make an effort again. "Just try to win some games," he said to himself. He won the third set in a tie-breaker to go up 2-1, and in the fourth set tie-breaker, he led McEnroe 2-1 with two serves coming. Rocavert was in control of the match. But he botched the next two points, and it was all over. McEnroe won the tie-breaker and the fifth set with one service break, when Rocavert twice double-faulted.

Why was it so? Why? In ability, in the way they hit a ball, there is little difference among the 128 men here at the top of the world. And Lord, does Terry Rocavert, No. 112, look the champion! Lean and sturdy, a winning smile, handsome, a young Kirk Douglas. He speaks well. Clean strokes, fine serve. He started at the game when he was six, but now, at only 25, he is preparing to quit after this year. Why? "I wasn't nervous at any stage of the match," he says, "but then at no stage did I convince myself that I could win. That's the way I am. Funny enough, I always play best against the best players, but in the end, I lose. Oh, I have a lot of good losses. For me to play as well as I did today proves that I can play that well. But I can only do it once or twice a year. McEnroe, those guys, they do it all the time."

Why?

"You have to be a certain kind of person to fit into certain things, like all this. They just have the ambition to do it, but I don't understand what that is or how they got it, because I don't have it. I wish I did. I've tried to get it. I love the life and I love tennis, but whatever that thing is, I don't have it, so now I'll have to find something else to do with my life."

But if you had won today?

"Yes, that might have changed my thinking. But you see, I didn't win. I didn't have the confidence to win. And now, this match is all going to be forgotten very quickly."

Saturday, June 28

Eight years ago, Stan Smith won Wimbledon. He was 25 and ascending, surely, to legendary levels. He was already

the U.S. Open champion, a Davis Cup hero. But it didn't work out. There were to be no more major titles, and Smith quickly fell back into the pack. By 1978 he wasn't even seeded at Wimbledon. There were reasons, notably a shoulder injury and the general shift of the game from grass, where Smith's big serve ruled, to slower venues. "Even the balls are slower now at Wimbledon," he says. But not as an alibi. There has never been any of that from Smith.

Most athletes have a painful enough time being phased out by age. To reach the zenith at 25, to slide back yet still to be so visible, to be playing second fiddle, to be trying, that requires an unusual kind of manliness. Perhaps the hardest part is that people keep asking you, *Whatever happened to you?* "You just can't dwell on it or it'll really get to you," Smith says. "It's been a real test of character to go through it, and I've been interested to see how I've reacted to it myself. I've also been interested to see how other people have reacted to me."

He has enjoyed a relatively better year in 1980—age 33, married now, one child, another due at Christmas time. He has climbed back to 18th in the world rankings and was even seeded again—No. 15—here. He won his first two rounds and today faced Brian Gottfried, himself unseeded for the first time in five years. On a windy outer court, No. 13, Gottfried battered him 2, 3 and 2.

This same chilly day another Wimbledon champion, Borg, won his 31st straight match here, tying Rod Laver's record. But Kipling's famous quotation that the players see as they walk onto Centre Court speaks not only of victory, but of triumph and disaster alike, of learning to "treat those two impostors just the same." Many players lose here (and lose well), and a few win—fewer still can do both with style. As the first week ended, Borg had tied Laver's record. But Stan Smith tied Kipling. And that is more to shoot for.

Sunday, June 29
The sun is not out,
but at least
it isn't raining!

End

PRIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Though Phil Weld is 65, age didn't slow him a bit as he showed 88 whippersnappers how to sail the Atlantic alone, deftly dodging threats from whales, storms, icebergs and rabbits
by E.M. SWIFT



Plymouth, England: A flotilla of OSTAR and spectator craft heads toward the open sea

On June 6, the day before the start of the 1980 Observer Singlehanded Transatlantic Race, or OSTAR, 65-year-old Phil Weld made a typically direct and puckish prediction from the stern of his 51-foot trimaran, *Moxie*, as she sat docked in the crowded harbor of Plymouth, England. "The winner," said Weld, "will make it to Newport in 425 hours..." He paused, narrowed his eyes and glanced skyward for counsel, his enormous ears billowing from his head like spinnakers. Then he amended: "Plus or minus two hours."

Satisfied, Weld turned his attention to

the soft drink in his hand, a 32-ounce bottle of diet Moxie, bottled in New Bedford, Mass. Corporate sponsorships are an important part of singlehanded ocean racing these days, though the Moxie company had not invested so much as a phone call in Weld's venture. The wealthy retired newspaper publisher from Gloucester, Mass. had named his boat after that obscure New England tonic in order to wryly parody the French sailors—who had won three of the previous four OSTARS and whose entries this year included boats sponsored by a cordial (*Miss Dubonnet*), an imitation absinthe (*Paul*

Ricard), and a sparkling wine (*Krieger V.H.*). "This is the only bottle of Moxie in Europe," Weld said, holding it aloft, ignoring the short-skirted girls on the dock passing out samples of Dubonnet Blanc beneath a red-and-white sunshade. "I'd be honored if you'd join me in a glass."

Weld then read aloud from the original label that Dr. Augustin Thompson of Union, Maine had affixed to bottles of Moxie back in 1876: "Contains not a

contested

Newport, R.I. The well-weathered Weld smiles, unwittingly as he and *Moxie* cross the line first



drop of Medicine, Poison, Stimulant or Alcohol—and has proved itself to be the only harmless nerve food known that can recover brain and nervous exhaustion, loss of manhood, imbecility and helplessness."

Further, Weld explained, the soft drink had a nifty theme song and he proceeded to sing in a voice most charitably described as willing.

*Just make it Moxie for mine
For the strenuous life it is fine,
It's the drink that they serve which
will build up your nerve,
So just make it Moxie for mine*

Anne Weld, Phil's wife of 44 years, poked her head out of the cabin where she was unpacking grocery bags full of fresh fruit and vegetables and told him to hush.

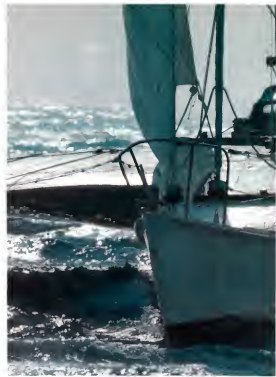
Undaunted, Weld invited another of the race favorites, Englishman Nick Keig, whose 53-foot trimaran, *Three Legs of Man III*, was tied alongside *Moxie*, over to join him. Keig arrived, greatly excited, and Weld poured out several small glasses of the soft drink and several large glasses of water as chasers. Everyone sipped. Keig winced horribly and said, "That has to be good for you, I have some rum in the car. Do you think that might improve it?"

"It makes you want to brush your teeth, doesn't it?" Anne noted delicately.

"Actually, it recovers lost manhood," said Weld.

At two o'clock the next afternoon, Weld, Keig and 87 other competitors sailed out of Plymouth and headed for Newport, R.I. Sixty miles out, passing the famous Eddystone Light, Weld was one of a pack of leaders, along with Keig, Mike Birch of Canada, Marc Pajot on the *Paul Ricard*, two other Frenchmen, Eric Loizeau and Eugene Rigaudiel, Walter Greene of Yarmouth, Maine and Philip Stegall, a New Zealander now living in Marblehead, Mass. All were sailing trimarans, which, reaching in a steady north wind, pulled quickly away from the slower monohulls. Weld was the oldest sailor in the fleet. He had never won a major single-handed race; his nickname was "Third Place" Weld, because he'd finished in that position in his last four such races, three times in the Round Britain Race and once in the Route du Rhum from France to Guadeloupe.

And everyone agreed that Weld's prediction of a 425-hour transit was absurd;



Look Ma, no hands! In the soft morning sunlight *Moxie* charges along under the control of her

that divides out to 17 days, 17 hours. Only one boat in the previous four OSTARs—held every four years since 1960—had ever made the 3,000-mile trip in under 500 hours, and that was *Pen Duick IV*, sailed by the late and legendary Alain Colas, who was lost at sea in the 1978 Route du Rhum. Colas crossed alone in 20 days, 13¼ hours in the 1972 OSTAR. Weld's figure presupposed taking nearly three days off that record. And how could he, at his age, even hope for such a victory? "Gray power," said Weld. "I get along quite nicely on four hours of sleep a day. I don't do a damn thing to get in shape but ration out the booze. That's the reason I say these things. I'm practically on an Elizabeth Arden dry-out cure."

For the first third of the race the winds came primarily from the north, which

was ideal for *Moxie*. Trimarans do not sail as well to windward as monohulls, but on a reach they can run away and hide. "During the first nine days the speedo never went below eight knots," says Weld, who covered 265 miles on his best day. "As long as she has four knots of wind or less than 40, she can average about eight knots. The idea is to stay out of the gales so that you don't have to heave to and stay out of the highs so you aren't caught in flat calm. At one time I was three days ahead of the 17-to-18-day pace, but I knew that would even up. Life comes in pendulum swings, and I was going to have to pay for that wonderful first week with a slow last week. I knew."

By June 15, Weld was well ahead of the rest of the fleet, and day by day he stretched his lead so that on the 19th



self-steering equipment while Weld records the last moments of his crossing with his movie camera

the satellite system used for tracking the boats showed him 234 miles in front of his nearest rival. Each morning he composed a schedule for himself. First he listened to the weather forecasts from the BBC, which included a special segment on conditions in the North Atlantic for the benefit of the competitors. He would then chart his course accordingly, setting the self-steering device on the chosen bearing, leaving him free to attend to the daily maintenance routines that ensue even at sea, and setting the sails according to wind speed. Weld allowed himself one hour of sleep in the morning, two in the afternoon and one more in the late evening. He kept watch all night. "I sleep like an old hound dog," he says. "I can go below and nap 15 minutes and come back feeling really refreshed."

Between rests he could follow his own progress over the BBC, ever alert for updated weather reports and iceberg sightings. He never saw another sailboat after dawn the second day. He cooked over a small gas stove, and although his wife had supplied him with enough fresh vegetables—scallions and such—to last a good while, Weld himself is anything but a gourmet. "The French have an advantage over us in these races because they can cook," Weld had grouched back in Plymouth. "Loiseau will be out there sautéing a mouth-watering steak while I'm boiling up on one of these." He held up a freeze-dried pouch of stew.

For books, he had brought such appropriate titles as Dickens' *Great Expectations* and Homer's *Odyssey*. He had also accepted a Bible from the Sisters of Mercy the day before departing, which he stored in his Calamity Locker. And, as always, there was a volume by Anthony Trollope. It was Trollope whom Weld was reading when his first trimaran, *Gulf Streamer*, was unceremoniously capsized by an irregular wave while he was sailing to England for the start of the 1976 OSTAR. Trollope in hand, Weld suddenly found himself standing on the overhead, up to his waist in water, with no way out of the cabin. He and his crewman finally cut their way through the bottom of the boat, and it was nearly five days before they were rescued. As a result, both *Rogue Wave*, Weld's next

continued



The welcoming committee on *Rogue Wave* included Anne Weld (winning) and four grandchildren

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boat—so named because of the bizarre fate of *Gulf Streamer*—and Moxie are equipped with an emergency escape hatch in the bottom of the main hull. Unlike monohulls, which usually right themselves when capsized, an overturned trimaran is down for the count.

On June 21 Weld had a premonition that he would win the race, and he sat down and wrote an introduction to his press conference. He was forced to put pen to paper because he had brought the wrong size batteries for his tape recorder. "Fortunately, posterity was spared that," he said. "The whole way across it was my only mishap. The weather was perfect for eight-knot sailing. Everything went almost exactly as I anticipated. Preparedness is all."

At four in the morning on June 25—427 hours after the start—a small fleet bearing spectators and well-wishers puttered out of Newport's harbor in the darkness to greet the first arrival as he crossed the finish line at Brenton Tower, a few miles offshore. It was thought that that man would be Weld. At 1:30 p.m. the day before, he had radioed his position; he was only 100 miles east of Newport, off Nantucket Island, and traveling at eight knots in 10 to 15 knots of wind from west-south-west. Weld predicted he would arrive in 12 hours. He had not been heard from or seen since, and there were recurring reports that Stegall's 38-foot trimaran, *Jeans Foster*, had passed Weld during the night. In the final days, the wind had dropped significantly and Stegall's smaller boat was better suited to light air.

By 5 a.m. the sun, perhaps colored by the residue from Mount Saint Helens' innards, sat redly on the sea. A sail appeared. It was *Rogue Wave*, Weld's other trimaran, which was heading toward Nantucket in hopes of spotting him. Aboard were Anne, four grandchildren, other assorted relatives and Dick Newick, Moxie's designer, all smartly dressed in bright orange Moxie Nerve Food shirts. An hour later *Rogue Wave* turned back, having failed to find its man. At 7 a.m., 17½ hours after Weld had reported his position, a boatload of French journalists, those devious rumormongers of the sea, who still clung to the hope that Paul Ricard might suddenly appear, pointed knowingly to their radar screen and declared that Weld was still 40 miles away. There was no way to know for sure. Two days earlier, the sophisticated



Weld's 3,387-mile course was fairly direct, but he veered south on June 14 after crossing 35° west longitude, to reach safe waters below 45° north latitude

satellite system that had been reporting four times a day on the position and general well-being of each of the OSTAR boats had collapsed, leaving press and public in the dark.

Suddenly, sails appeared through the haze to the southeast. It was Moxie. The waiting boats converged. Weld sat in the bow waving, a safety harness over his gray sweater, the self-steering device bringing him home. Moxie, looking as clean and fresh as the day she left Plymouth, skated crisply across the seas at eight knots.

"My prediction of time was pretty good," he shouted happily. "I'm a little late." Then he saw *Rogue Wave* and he waved elatedly. He disappeared into his cabin and came running back with his movie camera in one hand and an unidentified object held under one of his arms. As Moxie sailed toward Newport in the freshening breeze, Weld took movies of the escorting fleet that had swelled to some 20 small craft and a lobster boat.

As Weld crossed the Breton Tower finish line at 8:12 a.m.—17 days, 23 hours, 12 minutes after setting out—he pulled the object from under his arm—a threadbare American flag. He was the first American ever to win the OSTAR; in fact, the first to finish better than fifth. Then, as spectators cheered and boat horns blasted, *Rogue Wave* delivered his wife and one of them jumped up and down on Moxie's wing like a couple of kids. It was a fine moment.

"My idea of a good voyage is an uneventful one," Weld had said back in Plymouth. Under the tutelage of meteorologist Bob Rice, who also helped in last summer's *Eagle II* transatlantic balloon cross-



The three-hulled Moxie hit a high of 20 knots.

ing, Weld had carefully studied June weather patterns for the last 30 years in the North Atlantic. As a result, he had planned to stay below 45 degrees north latitude once past 35 degrees west longitude. With that in mind, he steered sharply southward for a day on June 14 in order to "stay on the sunny side of some nasty weather that bit my good French friends right in the teeth."

Weld's good French friends could hardly have fared worse if they had been hit in the teeth with a onslaught of rabbits. Rabbits? Yes, indeed. It seems that French sailors consider the little beasts to be unlucky, and on a French boat one can get thrown overboard for so much as breathing the word *lupin*. The gift of a rabbit's foot is practically an invitation to resume the Hundred Years' War. The origins of this superstition are unclear, and any questions on the subject must be euphemistically worded (the swine

with the long ears, the furry, hopping one). Even then a Frenchman is apt to answer with terse shakes of the head followed by beads of cold sweat. "No, no," gasped Olivier de Kersauson, skipper of *Kriter VI*, who had earlier informed Weld that he had hidden a plastic rabbit on Moxie. "We do not talk of this beast. No. Never."

But the curse des lapins hovered over the French competitors. First, Eric Tabarly, the only two-time OSTAR winner, injured his shoulder and was unable to sail *Paul Ricard*. Because his replacement, Pajot, had not been listed on the original race application, the boat became an unofficial entry. *Paul Ricard* finished a disappointing fifth, 14½ hours behind Weld. Still, it was the first French boat to reach Newport.

Then there was the case of Florence Arthaud, the 22-year-old Frenchwoman on *Miss Dubonnet* and one of only three women in the race, who did not even get her vessel to the starting line before the most toppled. Nearly hysterical, Arthaud retired from OSTAR. Next, on June 12, after leading the fleet for the first three days, Loizeau was forced to turn back for France with a hole in his main hull; and on the 15th Riguidel ran into some nasty weather, lost some rigging and damaged his hull. He continued to limp toward Newport. Other casualties included Michel Horreau and Jean-Claude Parisis, both of whom turned back.

The individualistic French temperament has always excelled at singlehanded racing, but Frenchmen have never shown much willingness to muddle through when things aren't going just right. "The French want to win," said Horreau, try-

continued

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ing to explain his countrymen's psyche. "They do not care if they cross with friends. They can do that anytime. Nobody is interested in crossing the ocean slowly, in walking across. The multihulls come not to take a walk. You must win. Americans are more like us, I think."

This attitude drives the British absolutely frantically. In Newport, the mid-mannered Keig said without a trace of smugness, "They're all fantastic sailors and sail the boats very fast, but they don't get here. I wanted to get here even if I finished last."

In fact, Keig finished second, seven hours behind Weld, which may, or may not, be an endorsement for Moxie Nerve Food. There was one other competitor who shared Weld's bottle of root beer, Englishman Nick Clifton, and apparently is affected him, too. Clifton's 42-foot proa, *Merlin*, overturned on the eighth day of the race, and he had to be picked up by a container ship. He promptly returned to England and married.

Steggall sailed into Newport 41 minutes after Keig, winning the *Gypsy Moth* Class for boats 32 to 44 feet. It was Steggall and Jeans Foster that provided much of the intrigue in the final days of the race. In an effort to increase safety and make it possible to keep track of the boats' progress, the *London Observer*—the newspaper that sponsors the Transatlantic—had spent \$170,000 to equip each competitor with a self-contained unit that sent a signal giving the boat's position to the orbiting satellite, which in turn relayed that information down to a computer, which sent the results on to OSTAR headquarters in Toulouse. Should, say, a Frenchman have found a bunny in his bunk, there was also an emergency button on the unit which could be pressed to send a distress call. All well and good. Except that from the outset the units malfunctioned, then the satellite became obdurate, and the computer broke down. As the *Observer* fumed, the competitors sailed on. Steggall's unit went on the blink 594 miles out of Plymouth, and for most of the rest of the race his position was a mystery. On June 14 he sailed side by side with Keig for five hours, but he was not spotted again until June 23, 240 miles from the finish, when a search plane trying to locate Weld happened upon him. At the time, Steggall was in second place, 50 miles behind Moxie and closing.

But a day later, a 30-foot whale went

bump in the night. Jeans Foster was doing 9½ knots, when suddenly the whale surfaced in front of it. "It was like hitting a brick wall," a bleary-eyed Steggall later recalled. "I thought there was a chance I might win. The boat was going very fast in the light wind." As it was, his centerboard broke off and he had to sail the last 100 miles without it. "It was depressing to look behind me," he said. "I was leaving a wake like a barge. The boat flattened the water out. Sailing to windward without a centerboard is like trying to roller-skate uphill."

More dangerous than whales are icebergs, which can drift below the 45th parallel and make it impossible for singlehanded sailors to sleep more than an hour at a time in safety. Most sleep in the daylight. "Nights are also a dangerous time because of the shipping lanes," says one sailor. "You never know when the watch has just been out at a party." During the 1976 OSTAR, the Polish singlehander Kazimierz Jaworski (*who brought in the first monohull in this year's race, the 56-foot Spaniel II, in 19 days, 13 hours, 25 minutes*) fell asleep one night in waters known for icebergs. He had a gauge on his boat that sounded an alarm when the water temperature fell to a certain point, indicating a possible iceberg, and he was awakened by its ringing. "I could smell it," Jaworski recalls. "They have a certain smell. But all around there was fog. I didn't know left, or right, or behind. All I could do was keep sailing. Then I was by it."

For Canada's Birch, a slight, smiling, elfin-eyed man who is tough as nails, it was a different story. Birch's experience and toughness stem from his regular job of delivering yachts to their home ports, often in winter, after the owners have sailed them to some distant shore. He was the peacemaker favorite by virtue of his third-place finish in the 1976 OSTAR and his win in the 1978 Route du Rhum. "Birch has a 90% chance to make it first no matter what the conditions," said France's de Kersauson. "But it is the worst, this thing to be favorite."

Almost as bad as rabbits. Sailors claim uncanny instincts, and the night before the race Birch was absolutely certain something awful was going to happen to him. His third day out, it did. As he sailed downwind briskly in strong seas, a rogue wave hit the underside of his *Olympus* Photo's wing deck and tore a hole in it

about three feet square. Birch was below at the time, and water shot into the cabin at a furious rate. "I'd like to think it was a whale," he said, "but it was only a wave. It sounded like a monster sledgehammer."

Using the shelves inside his cabin to repair the gaping hole, cementing it as best he could with fiber glass, Birch continued across. In his log he wrote: "I've done a repair job but it's not that great. Will have to wait and see what happens. That's the race for me." Amazingly, though *Olympus Photo* kept taking on water, Birch finished fourth, a scant half hour behind Steggall and an hour and 11 minutes after Keig. The last entry in Birch's log read: "12:45 GMT [Greenwich mean time]—Phil Weld for President!" Birch wrote that same message on a broken chunk of *Olympus Photo's* bright yellow hull and posed with it upon arriving at the dock. "Isn't it a fantastic thing," he said to a friend. "I'm so happy for Phil."

The OSTAR sailors will continue to straggle in for a few weeks. It is remarkable to see their faces when they land. There are no losers. "People seem to come back and do this race time after time," says Birch. "It's the people... the boats..." Said Arthaud, skipper of the ill-fated *Miss Dubonnet*, "When you love something you can't exactly say why. We can't explain it. We don't know why."

Weld talks about the Lindbergh Syndrome, the joy of singularity. "There's great satisfaction in doing something on your own without having someone to account to," he says. "I feel very, very content. I was resigned to being third, and I must say it is very heady being first."

Late that first afternoon, after a brief rest from his crossing, Weld returned to the dock to welcome Birch and Keig and Steggall to Newport. He had abandoned his Elizabeth Arden dry-out cure and was killing some brain cells in much-deserved celebration. Moxie was dressed out in fluttering signal flags strung from the top of the mast, and the sun threw a flattering golden light on the harbor scene. In one hand Weld grasped the yellow sign Birch had made for him; the other was around his wife's waist. Steady as she goes, mate.

He passed an English couple, friends of Keig from the Isle of Man, who stopped and watched the winner weave off down the dock. "It's his day, isn't it?" the Englishwoman said. "He did it alone."

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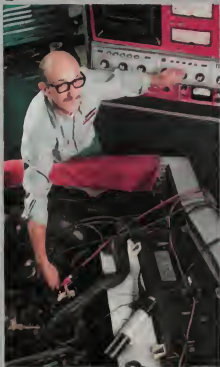
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Cleveland's Jorge Orta is not a pull hitter by trade, but he was smart enough to become one against New York Pitcher Rudy May in the first inning of a game at Yankee Stadium last Friday night. Orta's timely conversion from a hitter who slaps the ball up the middle took place after he noticed that Yankee First Baseman Dennis Werth had created a tempting gap on the right side of the infield by holding a runner close to the bag. May's inside slider was all the invitation Orta needed. The lefthanded hitter swung early and slapped a single off Werth's glove, sending Miguel Dilone to third. Moments later Dilone scored on a sacrifice fly.

In the sixth inning Orta made another alert move. Seeing that Third Baseman Eric Soderholm was playing back, he laid down a perfect bunt and reached first without drawing a throw. Orta eventually scored on Joe Charboneau's double, and the Indians went on to win 2-0.

Though Orta's intelligent and subtle machinations had contributed to the game's only runs, neither the 30,000 fans in the stands nor the writers who crowded around winning Pitcher Rick Waits seemed to notice. But Orta didn't mind. "I didn't do nothing," he said in his slow, almost somnolent voice. "They should ask Rick the questions. He's the guy who won the game."

Despite a career batting average of .281, Jorge Orta has been an obscure presence for most of his eight years in the major leagues. He was a star in his native Mexico before he came to the White Sox as a second baseman in 1972. But he is not a stereotypical nimble-footed Latin, dancing the mambo in the pivot. In fact, when the Indians plucked him out of the reentry draft last winter, they immediately decided to shift him to rightfield. Orta has a sprinter's body (5'10", 175 pounds) and he can run with a sprinter's speed, but after stealing 16 bases in 1975 and 24 in '76 he has stolen only eight more bases since. And even with his blacksmith-strong arms, his career high for home runs is 14. All Orta really does, it seems, is hit.

This year he's hitting better than ever.

Through last Sunday's games he was second among American League batters, with a .335 average. Two weeks ago he cracked out nine hits in a row, including six in one game. Nevertheless, Orta's name was not on the American League All-Star ballot. Before the season began, a 192-man panel chose not to include him among the 27 outfielders.

Orta's case suffered for two reasons: he was an inexperienced outfielder, and last year he had the fewest at bats (325) and poorest average (.262) of his seven full seasons. This marked the lowest point of a sharp decline that began after averages of .316 in 1974 and .304 in '75. Orta says he fell off because he was ignorant of his capabilities, relying more on natural ability than intelligence. "I was hitting the ball as hard as ever," he said, "but the fielders knew where to play me, and I wasn't smart enough to adjust." Orta was also guilty of following bad advice that persuaded him to be a pull hitter. As a result, he developed a bad stroke. His problems culminated last year when he was unable to adjust to a new role as designated hitter. When it became apparent at season's end that he did not figure in the White Sox' plans, he put himself up for bidding on the free-agent market.

To cries of outrage in Cleveland and amusement in Chicago, the Indians not only signed Orta (to a five-year, \$1.5 million contract) but also announced he would be playing rightfield. No one doubted he could regain his hitting touch. The question was whether he could play the outfield.

"Knowing his temperament, we were sure he would work hard to learn the position," says club President Gabe Paul. "The question was his confidence. Jorge doesn't like to be moved around a lot. We felt that by putting him in one place and giving him a chance, he'd be all right."

By Jorge, he's got it now

Jorge Orta of Cleveland has found new success in a new town as a heady hitter

The results were better than even Paul had expected. Joe Nosske, who had turned former infielder Gorman Thomas into an outstanding centerfielder while working in the Milwaukee or— *continued*



Swinging the way he Orta, Jorge is batting .300 again.

ganization, was put in charge of the transformation. Nosske taught Orta to use a long, overhand throwing motion instead of the short flips of an infielder. He handed Orta an outfielder's glove, which is larger than an infielder's, and showed him how he could create a deeper pocket by the way he placed his fingers in the holes. Nosske also pointed out that high flies down the line can be deceptive; they rarely travel as far as they first appear to be going. Still, Nosske insists the real credit for the successful transition belongs to Orta himself.

"He took 1,000 fly balls in spring training to simulate about three years of play," Nosske says. "He's done in six months what some people can't do in a lifetime." Orta covers plenty of ground and catches almost everything hit his way, having committed only two errors so far this season. "The only thing he can't do," said Nosske, "is throw hard, and that will come." If Orta's throws are weak, at least they go straight to the cutoff man. That is a notable improvement over the play of his predecessor, Bobby Bonds.

Orta's reemergence as a hitter is also the result of his paying heed to some good advice from Batting Coach Tom McCraw and Rod Carew. "He wasn't using discipline," says McCraw. "They were throwing balls at 90 miles per hour, and he was reacting by swinging at everything. Everybody's a 'guess' hitter. Hank Aaron used to say he looked for a pitch in his zone. Ted Williams told me he would take any pitch that fooled him. Jorge has become selective. He's willing to be walked, and that's what makes a .300 hitter." Indeed, Orta's 38 walks are already within sight of his career high of 48 for a season.

Student Orta now sounds positively professorial: "I'm starting to look at the fielders and place the ball between them. Carew taught me that. He also told me to bunt. Even if he's off, he can get a hit with a bunt. Or else the infielders come in and—boom!—he hits it by them. That's how he does." And now that's how Orta does.

"The main thing I try to do is establish the outside of the plate," Orta adds. "If I can get hits on outside pitches, they'll have to come inside to me, where I'm strong. But I won't try for homers, even if the bases are loaded and we're down by three."

Few Mexicans have done well in the major leagues. Orta is one of only nine

there today, and he's the best hitter from Mexico since Bobby Avila, who won the league batting title with a .341 average for Cleveland in 1954. Avila made the All-Star team that year, going 3 for 3, driving in two runs, scoring one and helping the American League to an 11-9 victory. Earl Weaver, a man often guided by precedents, may want to take note of this when he chooses his All-Star reserves this week.

THE WEEK

(June 22-28)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL WEST Putting on weight has helped Jerry Reuss of the Dodgers (3-3) beef up his pitching. During the off-season Reuss went on a weight-gaining program that added 10 pounds to his 6' 5" frame and brought him up to 220. Reuss, relying almost exclusively on fastballs, fired his and the season's first no-hitter when he beat the Giants 8-0 with the aid of Dusty Baker's 17th homer and Steve Garvey's 16th. Only Shortstop Bill Russell's first-inning throwing error prevented a perfect game by Reuss, who has given up just four earned runs in his last 44 innings. More superb pitching produced two victories in Houston. When Don Sutton came up with a groin pull, Rick Sutcliffe started for the first time in more than six weeks, singled in two runs and blanked the Astros 3-0. And Bob Welch improved his record to 3-2 by stopping Houston 9-2.

Although attendance was up 300,000 and they were leading the West by two games, the Astros (2-4) were worried. J.R. Richard, who missed a Monday start because of what he termed a "dead" arm, gave up five runs in 3½ innings and lost to the Reds 5-5 on Saturday. Richard downplayed the condition, but teammate Art Howe insisted the hurler's ailing arm was "bothering the whole team." Houston labored for both its wins. Cesar Cedeno went 5 for 5, singled in the 12th and eventually scored on a Dodger error to pull out a 5-4 triumph. And it took a two-run triple in the eighth by Jose Cruz to knock off Cincinnati 5-4.

The Reds (3-2) were concerned about two pitchers—Mike LaCoss and Tom Seaver. A 12-2 loss to St. Louis left LaCoss with a 4-7 record and 5.38 ERA. Seaver gave up nine hits and three runs and struck out just one Arizona batter in seven innings as he won 15-3 for his third victory, about one-third of his usual number at this stage of the season. Tom Hume's 11th save, Johnny Bench's three-run double, Dave Collins' 22nd steal in a row and

Ken Griffey's ninth and 10th RBIs of the week beat Houston 8-5.

Despite the confusion caused by the unexpected retirement announcements of first baseman Willie McCovey and Mike Irie, San Francisco (2-4) defeated Los Angeles for the first time in eight tries, 4-3, on Terry Whitfield's 11th-inning single.

Dave Cash of the Padres (3-4) summed up an elaborate talk by Manager Jerry Coleman by saying, "He told us we had to have some fun and that he wasn't going to be as uptight as he has been." To prove he meant it, the manager, in Cash's words, is "even sitting down part of the time instead of pacing the dugout for nine innings." Helping the rookie skipper relax was a 5-3 victory over the Giants in which John D'Aquisto pitched five innings of hitless relief to pick up the win and Aurelio Rodriguez hit the team's first home run in 14 games. The next day Dave Winfield drove in five runs and slammed his first four-bagger in 23 games as San Diego beat San Francisco 7-3. Leftfielder Gene Richards threw out five base runners to double his season's total.

"The people in Cincinnati must think we're a bunch of clowns," said Brave Manager Bob Cox following 8-2 and 15-3 losses to the Reds in San Diego, however, the Braves (2-4) got the last laugh. Reliever Gene Garber saved successive games, a 5-3 victory in which Atlanta scored four times in the eighth and a 5-4 comeback in which Bill Nahrer hit a two-run homer with two out in the ninth. But a 3-2 loss to Chicago left Phil Niekro with a Woolworth record—5 and 10.

HOUS 42-27 LA 41-30 CIN 37-33
SF 32-35 SD 32-41 ATL 30-30

NL EAST Lee Mazzilli of the Mets (7-1), who was supposed to bring back some of the team's old magic, had been as frustrated during the early season as a soccerer with lots of futs but no ribbies. Last week, though, Mazzilli got his act together and—*poof!*—pulled New York out of a slump. Maz helped beat the Cubs 4-3 by doubling and scoring from second when Centerfielder Jerry Martin got tangled in the Wrigley Field ivy while hauling down a drive by Joel Youngblood. In the same game Mazzilli bunted safely, stole second and scored on a single. Mazzilli helped defeat the Phillies' Steve Carlton by hitting the first home off the lefty in 72 innings, an inside-the-park job on which Rightfielder Blake Brant missed a diving catch and let the ball roll to the wall. Mazzilli then had six hits and two steals as New York took a doubleheader at Philadelphia 2-1 and 5-4. Neil Allen got his fourth win in the opener and his 12th save in the second. Allen saved two earlier contests, one a 9-6 triumph in L.A., on which Clondell Washington homered three times.

Because home runs are often called inners,

you might say the Phillies (2-5) defeated the Expos 2-1 with the aid of a batted inter—a homer by Mike McNamee.

Left-hand-hitting Warren Cromartie of the division-leading Expos (3-3) twice had game-winning hits after Gary Carter was intentionally walked so lefty pitchers could face him. After singling in the lead run to help Steve Rogers beat San Diego 2-0, Cromartie downed Philadelphia 7-6 with a hit in the 10th. Scott Sanderson stopped the Phillies 1-0, Chris Speier scoring when he kicked the ball out of Catcher Bob Boone's mitt. The Expos stole 13 bases, five by Rodney Scott, who has 26, and four by Ron LeFlore, who has 42.

Omar Moreno of the Pirates (3-3), who leads both leagues with 44 steals, swept second and scored on a single to help beat the Expos 4-3. The victory was to Jim Bibby (9-11), who earlier had beaten Houston 2-1.

With his relievers overworked and his starters under siege, Manager Preston Gomez of the Cubs (2-5) had to start Mike Krukow against the Cardinals even though the Mets had shelled him three days before. "Don't look to the bullpen," Gomez warned. Krukow didn't. Despite three first-inning errors by the Cubs, he won 2-1.

Helping the Cardinals (6-1) come on strong were Garry Templeton, who batted .500, Keith Hernandez (.435), George Hendrick (.433), Ted Simmons (.417) and Leon Durham, who beat the Cubs 8-6 with a two-run double in the ninth. Still, St. Louis would not have suddenly perked up had it not been for a turnabout by its pitchers: Jim Kaat, Bob Sykes and Don Hood, three lefties with one win apiece, bamboozled the Pirates 6-1, 3-2 and 4-1. All three consistently got their first pitches over for strikes, Kaat 84% of the time, Sykes and Hood 70%. But the highlight of Kaat's 26th win was his first stolen base in 15 years and third in his 21-year career.

MONT 38-28 PIT 37-33 PHIL 35-32
NY 34-36 CH 30-38 STL 30-41

AL WEST While trying to explain his peculiar idearism pitching motion to an inquisitive woman at a shopping mall, Dan Quisenberry of the Royals (5-2) used terms he thought a mother might grasp. "Basically, what I do is bend over and spunk—throw the ball as if I was spunking a child." Quisenberry explained. Despite throwing what he calls "slop"—mothers know all about sloppy, too—Quiz picked up his 12th, 13th and 14th saves with his spunking motion. Five homers helped Rich Gale blow Milwaukee 7-4 and Seattle 2-1. Larry Gura stopped the Mariners 4-2 with a four-hitter for his 10th victory.

After going seven innings at the searing Texas heat and pitching the Rangers (4-2) to a 5-1 lead over the Blue Jays, Gaylord Perry asked for bullpen help. As they have done so often this season, though, the relievers bogged

down, losing the game 6-5. Next time out, Perry knew better. After using just 82 pitches during a four-hit, 5-0 defeat of Minnesota, Perry said, "It would have taken an Act of Congress to get me out of there." Perry wasn't the only problem for the Twins, whose bats broke down twice in the 11th weather and barely made it to the park in time for the game. Mickey Rivers hit .464 and Al Oliver drove in seven runs to tie Tony Perez of Boston for the league lead with 55. Three Rangers fresh off the disabled list—Steve Comer, Danny Darwin and Buddy Bell—contributed to an 11-3 drubbing of the Twins. Comer yielded only two hits and one run in five innings to earn the victory; Darwin chalked up a save with quick relief work; and Bell slugged two homers.

Six errors by the White Sox (4-3) led to eight unearned runs and a doubleheader loss to the Tigers. But then Chicago swept a three-game series in California for the first time in 11 years. A 2-1 victory in the opener gave Brett Burns his first win in 23 days and Ed Farmer his first save in 13 days. Farmer also saved a 5-3 victory for Rich Dossan, a winner for the first time in three weeks. In the same game Jim Morrison hit two doubles to increase his major league lead to 24. Steve Trout completed the sweep with a 5-2 win, his first in 30 days. Farmer then added his 17th save when he finished up Rich Wortham's 3-0 four-hitter in Oakland.

Mike Norris of the A's (2-4) won his ninth by beating the White Sox 3-1, and Matt Keough gained his eighth victory by ending a nine-game Yankee winning streak 5-2. Rickey Henderson helped beat New York with a rare bunt double, as the ball went under the glove of Pitcher Tom Underwood, past First Baseman Jim Spencer and into short right.

Three usually light hitters enabled the Mariners (2-4) to salvage a pair of victories. Larry Milbourne, who hit .450, drove in two runs in the ninth with a triple to defeat Baltimore 7-5. And three RBIs each by Larry Cox and Mario Mendoza beat Texas 8-4.

Manager Gene Mauch of the Iwas (2-5) had to take his cup off to Jerry Koosman. Mauch's cap was the only clean one left that lit Koosman, who sweated his way through two others, plus five sweatshirts and two jerseys while striking out 15 Royals en route to a 4-1 triumph.

Despite being in the cellar, the Angels' attendance is up nearly 37,000. More than 27,000 saw California (1-5) beat Milwaukee 6-5 by scoring twice in the ninth on two bunt singles, two walks and a sacrifice fly.

KC 44-28 CH 34-36 TEX 34-37 OAK 32-40
SEA 31-41 MIN 29-42 CAL 24-45

AL EAST With the Tigers (7-0) stretching their winning streak to nine games, Detroit rooters were ecstatic about the chance of avoiding an igno-

minious grand slam. The Lions, Pastors and Red Wings all finished last during the past year, but the Tigers have won 16 of 19 to jump from seventh to third. Three straight three-hit games by Rick Peters, plus Richie Hebner's .409 batting and 11 RBIs accented the team's 309 hitting. When Alan Trammell, who was batting .326 for the season and who had not erred in 40 games, was given a two-game rest, his sidewalk at second base, Lou Whitaker, had four hits and four RBIs.

"We're the giant squad," said Tommy John of the first-place Yankees (2-4). "If one arm doesn't get you, the other will." The pitchers' arms gave up 33 runs, but twice the sluggers ended skids at two games. Four homers took care of Boston 10-5. Bobby Muehrer had two home runs and five RBIs against Cleveland, but the Yankees did not win 11-10 until Rick Cerone drove in two runs with a single in the ninth.

Rick Waits beat the Yankees for Cleveland's (2-0) first win in New York since his victory in the 1978 regular-season finale forced a playoff with Boston. Joe Charboneau

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JERRY REUSS: The Los Angeles left-hander, who was 7-14 last year and who began this season in the bullpen, pitched an 8-0 no-hitter against San Francisco, improving his record to 9-1 and lowering his ERA to 1.87.

hit .440 and Miguel Dilone batted .385 and stole four bases. But the pitchers gave up 38 runs in four losses. Worst of all was a 13-3 setback to Detroit in which Cleveland batters issued 14 walks, five with the bases full.

Thirteen homers, three each by Gorman Thomas and Sixto Lezcano, kept the Brewers (4-2) rolling. So did an 8-0 shutout of Oakland by Reggie Cleveland, who made only his third start since 1977.

The Red Sox (4-2) also gained on the Yankees, beating them 7-2 behind Dennis Eckensley and 4-3 on Dave Stapleton's double in the 10th. Tom Burgmeier, who won that second game in relief, also earned his 12th and 13th saves as he gave up just two hits and fanned 13 in 9 innings.

Baltimore (4-2) relievers, meanwhile, picked up their 13th loss in 16 decisions. But Scott McGregor won twice, including an 80-pitch, 1-0 victory over Toronto. Steve Stone's 4-1 win over the Blue Jays was his eighth straight, his 10th overall and his fourth consecutive complete game since speeding up his pitching tempo.

There was little for the Blue Jays (1-5) to cheer about. It took six pitchers, three runs in the eighth, one in the ninth and another in the 10th to overcome Texas 6-5.

NY 45-25 MIL 38-30 DET 37-30 BOS 38-32
BAL 38-33 CLE 34-34 TOR 31-37

MOVIES

by FRANK DEFORD



A KARATE FLICK DELIVERS FEW KICKS

The depth of *Kill or Be Killed*, a new Occidental martial-arts film, may best be shown by the following colloquy: When Steve and Olga, our black-belt heroes, are tripped in the big desert with their cocked-out Volkswagens, my 11-year-old son, with whom I saw this epic, piped up, "I know how they're going to get out." And he proceeded to explain precisely what, in fact, would transpire on the screen. How, asked I (the proud father), did he so cleverly anticipate this escape? "Oh," he replied, "I saw that once in a cartoon on TV."

To suggest, however, that *Kill or Be Killed* is hand-me-down *Flinstones* would be doing it a terrible injustice. Goodness knows, Shakespeare never had an original plot in his life, and the narrative here (or what is known as "the back story" in Hollywood parlance), developed by screenwriter C.F. Beyers-Boshoff, is certainly one of the most inventive of our times.

Baron von Rudolf, a bearded Nazi with the map of Berchtesgaden on his face, was the coach of the Third Reich karate team, which lost, in 1941, to Hirohito's finest, in a match contested in a special arena designed by Albert Speer. Himself. This resulted in the baron being sent packing by A. Hitler. But the baron, not a good loser at all, became convinced that his Nazi karate stars had taken a dive, enticed by diamonds that were given them by the wily Japanese coach, Miyagi. "Dogs are not man's best friend. Diamonds are," C.F. Beyers-Boshoff has the baron explain at one point.

But the years have been good to the baron, and he lives in the middle of the biggest, sandiest desert you ever saw, in a white castle that looks approximately like the hamburger emporium of that name. It is, however, larger because, among other things, it has a dungeon

into which Olga can be thrown. The castle is also peopled by many guards in road-show Foreign Legion uniforms and by the baron's only friend, who, as you might have suspected by now, is a dwarf. His name is Chico, and despite his small stature, Chico has a heart as big as all outdoors. Lucky for Steve and Olga.

With huge diamonds that Miyagi is foaming at the mouth for, the baron entices his old Rung San senses to bring an all-star karate team to the castle for a rematch with the baron's own juggernaut, and when these titans clash, anything can happen and usually does!

Kill or Be Killed is so bad it would be wonderful except for the interminable stretches of karate. These are expertly done and will thus please you mightily if you are a dojo groupie but drive you mad with ennui if you are not. There are, it seems, plenty of devotees of this pastime. Bruce Lee, a cult figure in life and death, showed there was a market, and *Kill* has been high on the money-grossing lists lately, even though it has been released only in very select parts of the country. (I finally ran it down at the Twin Cinema—No. 1—across from the very handsome Little League park in Seaford, Del.)

Bruce Lee's alter ego in *Kill*, our put-upon friend Steve, is one James Ryan (above), in black gi pants, who jumps backward especially well. The movie also contains the obligatory head-smashing of boards, high kicking and nauseating guttural screams. And a number of fellows come through closed doors without bothering to use the knobs. But *Kill* has a local cultural edge over the films of the late Mr. Lee because, according to the billing, it is "The Greatest Hollywood Martial Arts Movie Ever Made."

Now, this is important. Led mostly by the soccer propagandists, there has been a concentrated effort recently to make Americans feel somehow odd (and guilty) that we have preferred our own hand-eye games. In fact, even the most cursory reading of history proves that the United States rose to eminence in the world as a nation of hand-sporting people, beating the tar out of all nations who were so manually indexterous that they had to go around locking and buttoning balls and/or one another.

But, alas, ever since the alien soccer/martial-arts cartel gained a toehold here and started browbeating our youth with the idea that there is something inherently different about being good with the hands, we have backslid. I don't have to tell you about what's happened to our embassies and the dollar. Why we are pressed to emulate kangaroos and rhinoceroses in our sports is beyond me, and I certainly hope Ronald Reagan looks into this get-America conspiracy.

END

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Penchant for pensioners



The trend to seniors brings a new Open and a bonanza for Roberto de Vicenzo



De Vicenzo and Art Wall (above) duelled on the final day until Wall's bogeys did him in



Familiar faces included (from left) Tommy Bolt, Julius Boros and cigar-chomper Charlie Sifford

The United States Golf Association, the curator of fairway history, put a doughty group of relies on display last week in presenting the first edition of the U.S. Senior Open, an event that rolled back the calendar and rekindled the competitive fires in a lot of players who used to burn up courses on a regular basis. Wrinkles may have crept into their faces after so many years and so many missed putts, and the hairlines may require a bit of retouching, but the men at Winged Foot Golf Club in Mamaroneck, N.Y. still had the spirit from the days when they were young and brave and running against the wind. They may walk a bit gingerly, as if they had sand in their shoes, but the talent of a golfer, like that of a musician, weathers gracefully.

Take Roberto de Vicenzo. Through the years he has won, by his count, more than 200 titles around the world. On Sunday the 57-year-old resident of Buenos Aires triumphed again, shooting a final round of 70 that allowed him to run off and hide from the rest of the Senior Open field. His 72-hole total of 285 was four strokes ahead of amateur Bill Campbell, who came out of the pack with some late birdies. Former Masters champion Art Wall, who at 56 still has a Jr. behind his name and some magic left in his putter, wound up third, another stroke behind. De Vicenzo collected \$20,000 for his efforts, an amount that would have staggered him five decades ago when he first started caddying and playing, using clubs someone had given him.

The USGA's definition of "senior" for last week's tournament was 55 years and older, as it has been for the long-standing Senior Amateur championships. The field of 150 was picked through a combination of exemptions plus sectional qualifying rounds. The names of those who seed off on Winged Foot's East Course included many the public can read on golf clubs or in record books: de Vicenzo, Wall, Julius Boros, Tommy Bolt, Charlie Sifford. Sam Snead was a last-minute withdrawal. He had hurt his back in, of all things, a driving contest. Which is the reason why, at 68, he's still known as Slammer Sam.

Unfortunately also, one certified senior superstar was not ready to jump on the USGA's nostalgia bandwagon. Ben Hogan was eligible for the tournament on many counts, and although his hands still sport calluses from constant work on the practice tee, Hogan no longer plays competitively—his battles with par are private affairs.

This new Senior Open, with a purse of \$100,000, is only one of a growing group of tournaments devised for the game's elders. The Legends of Golf, a team event that began in 1978, has been a huge television success, and the PGA tour is planning a program of senior tournaments that may stretch to 10 next year. Arnold Palmer, now 50 and a favorite of American grandmothers everywhere, has let it be known that he will appear in a senior event in Charlotte, N.C. later this season.

Of course, age has taken its toll. Most of the gray panthers in the tournament were less concerned with winning than giving a good account of themselves. Good troupers all, they recognized the thin line between vaudeville and burlesque. Some have slowed to a creep, especially on the greens, but even in Friday's 90° heat, the stopwatch-conscious USGA stuck to its rule book and penalized two of them, Mike Fetchick and William Bergman, for slow play. And many players had to strain to follow the flight of their drives; the words most commonly heard on the tees were "Where did it go?" Beyond that, several competitors, including Bolt, were visiting chiropractors to work out the kinks in their backs. "It makes me feel great," said Ted Kroil, 60, a three-time Ryder Cup member, of such treatment, "but then I go out there and hit three shots and I'm walking around like a hunchback again." One entrant, a Canadian amateur champion named Nick Wedlock, had an uncomplicated reason for limping. He plays with an artificial hip—and he made the cut.

Although some players—like Dick Metz, 72—were old enough to have appeared in the first Masters in 1934, the USGA did not retreat from its position that if the tournament is a national championship, the course should dish out more punishment than it absorbs. Winged Foot East, while a shade shorter than the club's West Course—the site of the 1929, 1959 and 1974 U.S. Opens—more than equals it in degree of difficulty. The East's devilishly contoured and elevated greens re-

continued

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quire finesse rather than strength and present challenge enough for a par of 36-35-71. De Vincenzo, for instance, missed a five-foot birdie putt on the 6th hole and left himself with a six-foot comeback. "These greens make you putt to the hole, not at it," explained Campbell, an amateur who is also a vice-president of the USGA.

The USGA decreed that the players would have to walk, that there would be no golf carts, as there are in some senior tournaments. On steamy Friday, with the sky white with pollution, many of the competitors were haggard as they trooped into the scorer's tent behind the 18th green. Said de Vincenzo, who achieved unwanted immortality by signing an incorrect scorecard in the 1968 Masters, thereby eliminating himself from a playoff: "In my country we stay in bed when the weather like this."

But while the tournament had its serious side—a lot of players were walking around with long faces after no one matched, much less broke, par in the opening round on Thursday—there was a sense of conviviality missing at most golf tournaments. It was like a class reunion. Former Masters champion Claude Harmon, for 33 years head pro at Winged Foot until he retired in 1977, was holding court again in the upstairs locker room. When Bolt said he liked the weather hot and humid, someone remembered that it was 102° when Tommy won the U.S. Open in Tulsa in 1958. And as de Vincenzo strolled through the parking lot on Saturday night, the leader by two strokes after three rounds, another competitor called out. "Good luck, Roberto." Said de Vincenzo, "See, that is the difference between now and the old days."

The night before, after two rounds, the tournament had seemed to belong to Campbell, a 57-year-old insurance broker from Huntington, W. Va. and the country's quintessential amateur—he has played in 35 U.S. Amateurs, winning once, and been on eight Walker Cup teams. That afternoon he had fired the week's first subpar round, a 68, and moved into the lead with a two-over 144, a stroke up on Wall and another ahead of Boros.

Campbell is the reigning U.S. Senior Amateur champion and a man familiar with the term "old." He uses old golf clubs (he bought his current woods 25 years ago), drives old cars (a '55 Imperial), wears old clothes and believes in

the old-fashioned work ethic. He limits his golf to weekends and sporadic evening play when he tours the course with his golden retriever.

That is not to say that Campbell does not take the game seriously. A few years ago he needed an operation on his shoulder to repair the accumulated damage from hitting practice balls hour after hour. During the operation, the surgeon put Campbell's arm through a complete simulated backswing before he sewed him up, just to make certain the golfer could pursue his passion upon recovery.

Tied with de Vincenzo for fourth place at the halfway point was the famous raconteur Al Besselink, 58. After rounds of 75-72, Bessy visited the press room. "I play out of the Jockey Club in Las Vegas," he said. "I'm the director of golf, but we don't have a golf course. The first time I pulled up in front of the place, the doorman said, 'You can't park your car there.' I said, 'Listen. Go get some paint and put my name on that spot.' That's where I've parked ever since. That's the kind of job I have, because my best friend owns the place."

The way Besselink tells it, when he played the tour, professional golf was just an excuse for having fun. "There are so many stories," Besselink says. "Once Bob Rosburg and I played in the Mexican Open. They paid our way down. After the third round we went out for some fun. We'd been drinking wine, and about 5 a.m. we were walking down this street, singing. The tournament officials found out about it and complained we weren't taking things seriously. I said, 'I'll bet you \$1,000 one of us wins it,' and they took me up on it. Well, on the 1st hole I hit the ball three times and I'm not even on the green. That was the end of me. When I finished, I ran out to find Rosburg on the 17th hole. I told him, 'Two more pars, we win the money.' He shanked his second shot into a sand trap. Now I'm holding my head in my hands. He holes it out of the sand for a birdie. I let out a whoop and yell, 'Ros, that shot killed more Mexicans than the Alamo.'"

On Saturday, Besselink three-putted five of the last eight holes and finished with a 79 that knocked him out of the chase. But he was always better at winning bets than trophies. Once, on the eve of the San Diego Open, he bet \$1,000 at 10-to-1 odds that he would shoot 66 or better the next day. He did. Later, golf of-

ficials wanted to penalize him for gambling. "What're you, crazy?" Bessy sputtered. "A man bets he'll shoot 66, you shouldn't penalize him, you should put him in an insane asylum."

Campbell also had a bad third round, going over par on the 1st, 4th and 7th holes for a front-nine 39, and that opened the way for de Vincenzo.

Roberto had arrived on the 1st tee Saturday feeling a little queasy. He had had the flu off and on for some time and was too ill to play in a senior tournament held in Atlantic City, N.J. the previous week. But a birdie on the par-five 2nd hole Saturday was like a shot of antibiotics. "You play good, you feel good," he said, and then went on to shoot four more birdies for a 68 that left him with a 54-hole total of 215, two over par, and two strokes ahead of Wall.

Many people think de Vincenzo deserves a good share of the credit for the new popularity of senior golf. Last year he and Boros wowed a television audience with five straight birdies as they best Bolt and Wall in a playoff at the Legends of Golf. And purists regard the Argentine as one of the ultimate best manipulators of the golf club. "I been lousy putter all my life," de Vincenzo said at Winged Foot when asked if senility had yet crept into his short game. "On the tee, sometimes I catch ball and it go like I am young. The game not change much. But the mentality change. The concentration is not like years ago."

Wall agreed. His swing felt fine, he said, after rounds of 74-71-72, but his nerves were jumping. "I'm trying not to try too hard," he said.

Over the years, Wall has racked up 42 holes in one, an incredible figure. But his greatest moment came in the 1959 Masters when he birdied five of the last six holes to beat Cary Middlecoff by a stroke. "I remember when we started the round," he said. "Boros and I had about six people watching us. When we finished, we had the whole golf course following us. They are good memories."

Those were the days, my friend. Last Sunday, Wall and de Vincenzo teed it up again and went at each other as they had over the years, as they had when they were young and strong and walked down the center of the fairways, when nothing could touch them. It was like that again for a few holes Sunday until de Vincenzo pulled away, and it meant a lot to these gray-haired men.

END

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE AN OLD PLACE



They are a vanishing breed, ball parks like Detroit's Tiger Stadium (right), once known as Briggs—parks built before World War II, before expansion and before domes. On the following pages are the others, including a special look at Chicago's Wrigley Field

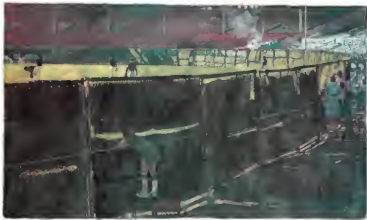
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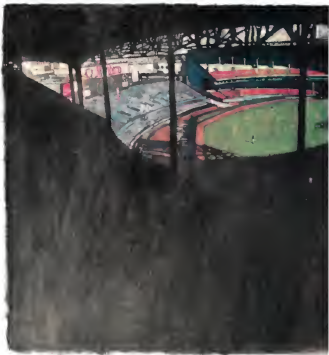
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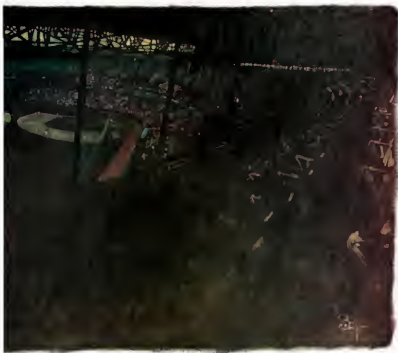


Chicago's Comiskey Park was built in 1910, and has among its many additions a glazed-in outfield wall (opposite) through which diners can see the game

So deep was the outfield at Cleveland's Municipal Stadium, built in 1932, that eventually an inner fence was put up, creating a picnic area in between



Municipal Stadium seats 76,713 people, and in 1948 the pennant-winning Indians filled them all, but losing years have made the upper deck a wasteland



Boston's Fenway Park, built in 1912, has a storied leftfield well known as the Green Monster—Only 315 feet from home plate, the wall rises 37' 2"

in the air, but even so the home-run rate is high, requiring 23 feet of netting above it to reduce window breakage on Lansdowne Street beyond







ONE PLACE THAT HASN'T SEEN THE LIGHT

Chicago's Wrigley Field has grass on the ground and ivy on the walls and is the only park where there are never any night games

Wrigley Field is a ball park. If there was one way to rile Philip K. Wrigley, the retiring gentleman who owned the Chicago Cubs between 1932 and his death in 1977, it was to refer to Wrigley Field as a stadium. It is a park, with spiders and grasshoppers and vines an inch around on the field of play. The vines come into bloom in mid-May. The morning glories open up pale blue and pink and purple and are shut again by noon. The greenish-white flowers of the bittersweet bloom inconspicuously against the ivy. There is Boston ivy with its eight-inch leaves that stick out from the brick a foot and a half and are clipped by the ground crew before every home stand. There is Baltic ivy with its shiny, leathery leaves that stay green all winter, and the high-climbing Virginia creeper, whose five-leaflet clusters turn reddish-orange in the fall. That is when the bunches of grapes hang purple on the grapevines and the bittersweet berries turn red, but in the spring there are flowers where the fruit will be.

It is a park built for baseball. There are older ball parks—Comiskey, right across town, is one—and stadiums both bigger and smaller. But none can match Wrigley for watching a baseball game; the \$1.50 seats in the leftfield bleachers are better than most stadiums' upperdeck boxes. People may talk about that "quaint little bandbox" of a ball park in Boston, but there is nothing quaint about the new electronic messageboard the size of centerfield, and anyone who has ever watched a game in the bleacher seats beneath that messageboard would take issue with calling Fenway Park "little." You can sit fully 600 feet from home plate.

Wrigley Field is a classic Midwestern cross between penurious efficiency and charm. Its slightly off-kilter center-field scoreboard is the last in the majors still operated by hand, yet it is the only one that gives inning-by-inning scores of all out-of-town games. The roof is held up by a rusted network of rafters, a maze of horizontals and verticals and diagonals. Wrigley Field is a Peter Pan of a ball park. It has

never grown up and it has never grown old. Let the world race on—they'll still be playing day baseball in the friendly confines of Wrigley Field, outfielders will still leap up against the vines, and the Cubs . . . well, it's the season of hope. This could be the Cubbies' year.

There is a tendency to credit the atmosphere in Wrigley Field to Philip K. Wrigley's traditional approach to the game, but evidence points to other forces at work. Mr. Wrigley was more innovator than traditionalist. In 1968, when synthetic turf was being developed, Wrigley was one of the first owners in baseball to look into digging up his park's natural sod and replacing it with artificial grass. It was only his inherent fragility that prevented him from going ahead with it. "When we have the money we'll probably install synthetic grass," Wrigley said. "There's no doubt it would pay for itself in a few years." One year he instituted a rotating system of head coaches instead of a single manager, an experiment ridiculed by the baseball Establishment. The Cubs were the first—and are now the only—team to televise every home game. Wrigley Field was the first ball park to install an organ, the first to have a Ladies Day.

White Sox owner Bill Veeck writes in his autobiography: "Old men, playing dominoes across the hearth, like to say that Phil Wrigley was the last of the true baseball men because he is the only owner who still holds, in the simple faith of his ancestors, that baseball was meant to be played under God's own sunlight. I know better. Having blown the chance to be first with lights, Mr. Wrigley just wasn't going to do it at all."

In fact, Wrigley Field has all set to be outfitted with lights in late 1991. The Cincinnati Reds had introduced night baseball in 1935, so it was still a relatively new attraction, and President Roosevelt thought it would be a good way to give factory workers some relaxation at night. The lights had been paid for and were on the verge of being installed when fate intervened in the form of Pearl Harbor. On Monday, Dec. 8, the Cubs offered their towers, lights and cables to the U.S. Government, and they were used in the suddenly booming shipyards.

Right up through the '60s there was talk of installing

Bating practice at Wrigley begins in the morning, when sunlight and the surrounding greenness lend emphasis to the phrase "national pastime."

continued

OLD BALL PARKS continued

lights in Wrigley Field so the Chicago Bears could start their football games later in the day and the Cubs could finish games that otherwise would be called on account of darkness. But the Bears moved to Soldier Field, and Wrigley Field remained unchanged.

"We can still draw without night games," says E.R. (Salty) Saltwell, vice-president of park operations. "We're not in this to lose money or break even. We draw heavily from young college, high school and junior high school kids during the summer, mainly because we have all day games."

Last year, with a 80-82 record that left them fifth in their division, the Cubs—with all their home games televised—nevertheless drew 1,648,587 fans. They come back like old lovers, by bus and via the El. They do not drive. There is not enough parking in the vicinity of the park to drive, which is another reason for the day games. They come back, and at worst they have an afternoon in the sunshine in the park, watching men at play and remembering what it was like when their fathers took them. What they were like. At best, the Cubs win. "If you can just play .500 ball for these fans they are happy," ex-Cub Manager Herman Franks said near the end of last season, the day he announced his retirement. "Can you imagine what they'd be like if you ever won a pennant for them?"

They would probably become crabby. Baseball fans spoil easily. The Cubs' last pennant was in 1945 (they have never even won a division title), and that 35-year drought is the driest spell in the major leagues. One of the reasons Cub fans are equable if their team finishes at .500 or better is that in the 20 seasons between 1947 and 1966 it did so only twice. In 1952 the Cubs went 77-77; in 1963, 82-80—rebounding from a 1962 season unnering to the staunchest of Cub fans, when the record was 59-103, and Chicago finished six games behind the Houston Colts, an expansion team.

Franks added, sounding like God speaking to the Israelis, "I know it's a terrible thing to ask, but you've got to have patience. The team is still two or three years away."

One of the silliest but most widespread fallacies in baseball is that Wrigley Field is somehow responsible for the Cubs' difficulties. That playing baseball games outdoors in the summer sun will, by August, sap a professional athlete of his strength. This theory would be more acceptable if they were the Sahara Cubs and each player was stripped and bound in the sand before his turn at bat, but 2½ hours in the Chicago sun—half of which is spent in the dugout—could not seriously tax a fat albino.

It has also been suggested that the way the ball flies into Waveland Avenue when the wind is blowing out so shatters the confidence of Cubs pitchers that they never recover. (At 368 feet, the power alleys in Wrigley Field are the shortest in baseball, and it was once 38 years between no-hitters there.) This, at least, is possible—Fergie Jenkins is the only Cub starter ever to win the Cy Young Award.

But to those who follow the team with even casual interest the real problem is simple. Talent. The Cubs either lack speed, power, pitching or defense, year after year. Often they lack all of the above. When they get a young Lou Brock, they trade him for an Ernie Broglio. Why blame the ball park for a trade like that? Cubdriver Harold Wolfson

speaks for most Chicagoans when he says, "The Wrigleys are cheaps. They're all cheaps. Whenever anybody wanted money they traded him."

Papa Carl Leone was born the last year the Cubs won the World Series, 1908. He has only one tooth left that is visible, and he has only one eye. The other eye, he says, he lost to a line drive during batting practice. The teeth he just lost. Papa Carl has been coming to Wrigley Field since the year the Cubs moved there, 1916. He sits in the rightfield bleachers—the dean of "Bleacher Bums."

Wrigley Field was actually built in 1914 by a man named "Lucky Charlie" Weeghman. He owned the Chicago Whales of the short-lived Federal League, which lasted four seasons, 1912-15. The park, then called Weeghman Park, was completed in time for the 1914 opener at a cost of \$250,000, and it seated 14,000 fans. When the American and National Leagues absorbed the Federal League in 1916, part of the deal was that Weeghman could buy the Chicago Cubs, who were then owned by Charles Taft of Cincinnati, brother of the former President. He did so for \$500,000, putting together a syndicate of 10 investors, one of whom was the chewing-gum magnate, William Wrigley Jr. By December of 1918, Wrigley had become the majority stockholder, Lucky Charlie had resigned, and Weeghman Park had become Cubs Park. It was renamed Wrigley Field in 1926 when construction was started on the upper deck.

There were no permanent bleachers then. Temporary bleachers had been put into leftfield in 1923 to aid a strongman named Hack Miller, who, during the 1922 season, hit 12 home runs but had many other fly balls caught near the fence. It was said that Miller, who was 5'9", 195, could push a tenpenny nail through a board two inches thick with his bare hands, though if this were true one wonders why the fences had to be pulled in to help him hit home runs. In 1923, with bleachers installed in front of what had been the wall, Miller hit 20 homers, his career high. In 1924 he hit four and in '25 he hit two. The bleachers—and Miller—were removed posthaste, since the Cub pitchers were, in the meantime, getting shellacked.

In the next few years, when Hack Wilson arrived and the Cubs started to win, fans were allowed to watch the game behind a rope in the outfield when there were overflow crowds—Neanderthal versions of what are now the Bleacher Bums. "When the Cubs were up," recalls Papa Carl, "we'd all step forward and pull the rope up. When the other team was up and hit one deep, we'd pull it back and let the guy catch it."

This sort of fan participation became impossible in the 1929 and 1932 World Series, however, when the Cubs erected bleachers on the sidewalks outside the ball park in left- and rightfields. The centerfield bleachers were already permanently in place, of course, and it was in their direction that Babe Ruth "called his shot," his final World Series home run. There has always been some question as to whether Ruth, in fact, did call his shot, and to whom, or for whom, he was pointing. The Bleacher Bum version is that he was pointing

continued

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OLD BALL PARKS

continued

to a black man named Amos (Loudmouth) Latimer, traveling secretary for the Chicago Negro League's 47th Street team. The story, which Loudmouth told for years afterward on 47th Street, goes that Latimer had been provoking Ruth from the centerfield bleachers by throwing lemon rinds at him and calling him "brother," a reference Ruth had heard before because of his facial features and the fact that he was an orphan. Ruth finally turned around and, from the field, told Loudmouth he had one coming. The next inning he deposited Charlie Root's delivery a few feet away from Amos. The Yankees, of course, won the Series.

There was an Andy Fraim usher at that game named Leo Jonas, who was fresh out of grammar school and working his first Series. Jonas is now the senior Andy Fraim at the park, having worked every baseball game in Wrigley Field since 1945. At night he Andy Fraims at the harness track, and in the winter he works conventions at McCormick Place and the Shrine Circus and has a two-week "vacation" at Christmastime working crowd control for Marshall Field's Santa Claus. He is 65. "I'll retire when I won't be able to walk around," Jones says. "No Social Security for me. I won't even apply for it: throw the letters right in the trash. I just miss it when I leave here at the end of the season. I can't wait for the spring to roll around. I like being outside in the sun and fresh air. The years went by so fast I don't even feel it."

It is the Peter Pan syndrome. Wrigley Field has kept him young. He still uses public transportation to get to the park—Belmont bus to Clark, Fullerton bus to the El, El to the Addison stop and two blocks to the nightfield-bleachers gate that he works—a route he would not care to take if there were night games. "A little rougher crowd would come in at night," he says. Old Andy Fraim himself used to come into the Jonas family's variety store to buy cigars—Perfecto Garcias. They are another of Wrigley Field's charms—the Andy Fraim ushers. They are generally accepted as the best in the business, polite, efficient and neat, men who will lead you to your seat and not accept a tip.

"I don't think the fans have changed too much," says Jonas. "The players have. You could watch those old guys play ball forever. They were so interest-

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OLD BALL PARKS continued

ing. Hack Wilson was a little pudgy guy who looked like one of the kids on the playground. But he sure swung that bat, and away it went. Then he'd run around the bases like a little duck.

"Wilson and Pat Malone used to stay out till two or three plying, then the next day they came to the park early, and the manager, Joe McCarthy, would hit them fly balls to sweat the liquor out of them. It would be 80° in the park, and 90° on the field. But they played. Those writers say they fold up now because they play all day games. Look at all the pennants they won before. Players weren't swooning all over the field saying, 'I'm too hot, I can't play.' If you're an athlete. . . ." Jonas does not need to complete the thought. Just then the old peanut man walks by. "Irving," Jonas asks, "how long you been here?"

"I just got here," Irving says. The game has not started yet.

"No. How many years?"

"Thirty years. Peanuts?" Irving would have difficulty eating a peanut, because he has no teeth.

"You're not thinking of retiring, are you?" Jonas asks.

"No," Irving says, thinking about it. He takes off his paper cap and wipes his white hair off his forehead. "I might drop dead." There is that option. "Or my wife might kill me." And that one. But retirement? From Wrigley Field? "Peanuts?" And he is gone.

The ball park assumed its present configuration in 1937, when the bleachers were added in leftfield and the centerfield scoreboard was modernized, a step that included the removal of the Doublemint Twins from its crest. Since then there has been no advertising in the park.

It was at that time that Veeck, an employee of Phil Wrigley's in his youth, suggested planting the ivy. "Can't say it was original," says Veeck. "There was ivy on the wall at old Perry Field in Indianapolis." When Veeck gave him the go-ahead, Wrigley had copper wire strung from the brick walls to the ivy and bittersweet, a thousand plants in all, would have something to climb on. That copper wire, tarnished green, has long since been pulled from the brick by the vines it once supported and is suspended in a hopeless tangle among the berries and grapes and spider webs. In the meantime,

the ivy has not only thrived on the field, but is one of the hottest concession items the Cubs handle. Last year the 2,500 plants—cuttings of outfield ivy potted up—put on sale for \$1.50 each were a complete sellout.

The man who has taken care of those vines for the last 40 years is Roy (Cotton) Bogren, a short, silent Swede who started working in the clubhouse in 1936 and moved to the ground crew four years later. In 1957 he was made assistant and in 1970 was named ground superintendent. The vines are trimmed before every home stand. The Merion bluegrass field is mowed every third day during the spring, every fifth or sixth day after that, to a height that varies between 1½ and two inches. The infield is cut with hand mowers, and the clippings are allowed to fall. It is cut at night. Every third day it is watered, and four or five times a year the grass is fertilized with Scotts Plus Two, which controls weeds. The mound and home plate are clay, and the dirt of the infield is three parts loam to one part bank sand, which is a very fine sand.

The 22-man ground crew is also responsible for cleaning up the stands. Many of the seats in Wrigley Field still have to be raised by hand, and in 1925, when Bogren was a boy growing up two blocks from Wrigley Field—then Cubs Park—he would get out of school at 3:15 and, if it was a game day, head to the ball park, where the ground superintendent let him and his friends raise seats for a free pass to the next game. It is a practice that has continued. Bogren has given out as many as 50 passes to kids when there has been a big crowd, letting them in to race down the aisles, flipping up seats and dreaming about one day playing in that park—half an hour of work for a pass. So it is that Cub fans are made, diehard fans, fans that come back, win or lose. It is a ball park run by people.

Bogren used to work inside the scoreboard, another job for the ground crew, and one that requires three men, one for each level. Every so often an opposing team accuses the Cubs of stealing signs from inside that scoreboard, but if that has ever been the purpose the crew has never been very good at it. There is only

one entrance into the scoreboard, and that is by ladder from the top of the bleachers in center. It is a huge, dark, musty structure, with ladders between levels and a ticker tape on which the scores of other games are received. The scoreboard numbers are metal and they are fitted into slats at the completion of an inning. There is a phone to the press box in case the ticker-tape machine breaks, or someone inadvertently puts a number in upside down. Between 1942 and '62 Bogren worked there, and it is not with fondness that he recalls it.

"It often gets so hot in the summertime you can't believe it," he says. "The worst days were when the wind was coming off the lake, from the back. We didn't have any holes in the back. It's probably gotten better now. It's rusted through in places, but that still doesn't count as ventilation."

Bogren rummages through a stack of old football numbers lying around the floor of the scoreboard structure, numbers like 42, which, in Wrigley Field, might someday be used for a baseball game. There is a VENEZUELA from the 1959 Pan Am Games. There is no bathroom. Bogren is asked about this, since no one is allowed in or out during the game.

"Right there," he says. "That old copper funnel." There is a pipe coming up out of the floor that leads heaven knows where, with a copper funnel at the top. "Same one that's been there since 1937," Bogren says. "Shows you how good copper is."

Papa Carl Leone has written the names of his "boys" on the seats of the right-field bleachers so that no one else will accidentally sit in them before the game. His "boys" are not sitting in them before the game because they are waiting outside for batting-practice home runs to rain down on Waveland Avenue. One fellow named Rich has caught 700. Last season Atlanta was the favorite visiting club, hitting 27 balls out before one game. Most of the ball hounds pay their way inside the park after batting practice is over, but three or four diehards wait in the streets all game, playing stickball or throwing a football while listening to the radio broadcast, stopping completely only when Dave Kingman comes to bat. Kenmore Street runs perpendicular to

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OLD BALL PARKS

continued

Waveland, and a third of the way down the block an X is painted on the sidewalk where Kong's longest shot landed, 533 feet from home plate.

On the corner of Waveland and Sheffield, a block from the El, is Ray's Bleachers, meeting place for the hard-core, hard-batted Wrigley Field Bleacher Bums who terrorized opposing leftfielders in 1969-70-71, when the Cubs made respectable pennant runs only to collapse in August and September. There is a poster of Ron (Pizza) Sano on the wall and countless other bits of Cub memorabilia. The Bleacher Bums' behavior was so influential that in 1970 the Cub management installed a 42-inch chain-link fence around the top of the outfield wall to discourage fan participation. When Leo Durocher was manager from 1966-1972, he declared Ray's Bleachers off limits for the Cubs—but Dick Selma and Fergie Jenkins regularly disregarded this edict, in the proud tradition of Hack Wilson and Pat Malone. Selma used to lead the Bums in cheers from the bullpen and became so popular that when he was traded to the Phillies and came back to play a game, the bleacher crowd showered him with quarters. Selma ran out with a satchel and, after the game, brought all the change to Ray's, putting the satchel on the bar and declaring the drinks were on him until the quarters ran out.

"They deserve a pennant," says Ray Meyer, proprietor of Ray's Bleachers.

About 80 of the original Bums still return regularly, and last year one held his baby shower at Ray's. "It's the same story every year," says Meyer. "It gets sad near the end."

It gets sad near the end because it is the end of another season, not because it is the end of another pennantless season. If you think about it for long, it becomes very sad, so you don't. So you just go on, like Papa Carl, who, the last day of the last season, took four weepy young bleacher ladies who would not see him again until spring and hugged them to his brown, wrinkled chest. The bleachers are the only place in Wrigley Field where males may remove their shirts, which, of course, is why Papa Carl sits there. As the girls said their goodbyes, Papa Carl winked his good eye and grinned, exposing his one good tooth. "How'm I doing?" he said. "Pretty good, eh?"

END



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Princeton: Zanders / Rutherford: Paul's Hobby-Sport / Somerville: Skydell's / Wilkes-Barre: Wilkes Hobbies • **NEW YORK**: Woodbridge: Game Room • **NEW YORK**: All Key Bee Stores / All Toys R Us / Albany: Kids Store / Troyland: Aurora's Load Toy / Bronxville: Roberts Toyland / Brooklyn: Lemus World / Endicott: Children Super Mart / Grand Way / Huntington: Sports Town / Toy Town Jackson Heights: Toy City / Larchmont: Playtime / New Rochelle: B.J. Kids / New Hartford: New Hartford Toy & Hobby / New York: Rappaport's / Rockville Centre: Wills Sport Shop / Schenectady: Toyland / Staten Island: Smiling Sunrises / Stony Brook: Waterloo Hobbies / Syracuse: Hobby Shop / Yonkers: Toy World • **PENNSYLVANIA**: All Key Bee Stores / Beaver Falls: William Borge's / Chambersburg: Uptown Sales / Coopersburg: Fortrais Toy & Cycle / Hart: Hobby House / Easton: Hobby Hangout / Jenkintown: Jenkintown Hobby / Lancaster: Allied Hobbies / Monroeville: Lorenski's Inc. / Norcross: Height American Family Hobbycraft / Newton Square: Toy World / Philadelphia: B. Bash Hobby / Piesse Toys / Pittsburgh: Bill & Walt's Hobby / A.B. Charles & Son S.W. Randall Toys / Plymouth Meeting: Hobbyland / Reading: Bobco's / Shalington: Shalington Hobbies / Wayne: Wayne Toytown / Wyoming: Kids Toys • **RHODE ISLAND**: East Greenwich: Evans Hobby / Providence: Aight Dean Ltd. / Warwick: Kids Toys / Toys R Us • **VERMONT**: Burlington: Game Toys • **VIRGINIA**: All K & K Toys / All Toys R Us / Alexandria: Alexandria Arts & Crafts / Charlottesville: Hobbycraft Center / Falls Church: Strategy & Family World / Springfield: Wyatts Hobby Craft Center / Vienna: Executive Hobbies / Woodbridge: Craft Corner • **WEST VIRGINIA**: Charleston: Lances Card & Party Shop

A man with dark hair, wearing a bright yellow raincoat, is shown from the chest up. He is leaning forward, looking out over a body of water under a blue sky with scattered white clouds. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. The background shows the dark water of the sea and the horizon line.

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like a light cigarette should.





Photograph by Eric Schwesandt for Sports Illustrated

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*Publisher's estimate

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 23-29

Compiled by ROY S. JOHNSON

BOATING—**MOXIE**, a 50-foot motorboat skippered by Philip Weid, 65, of Gloucester, Mass., won the week-end transatlantic race from Plymouth, England to Newport, R.I. He finished the 3,147 miles in a record 17 days, 23 hours and 12 minutes (page 26).

BOKING—**ALAN MINTER** successfully defended his world match-sought crown with an eighth-round TKO of Vito Andriani in Wrexham, England (page 18).

GOLF—**ROBERTO DE VICENZO** shot a one-over-par 385 to win the \$100,000 U.S. Senior Open in Manhattan, N.Y. He beat amateur Bill Campbell by four strokes (page 42).

NANCY LOPEZ-MILTON shot a nine-under-par 283 to win a \$125,000 LPGA tournament by one stroke over Pat Bradley in Rochester, N.Y.

LEE TREYING, who finished with a 16-under-par 272, defeated Tom Furrer by a stroke to win the \$300,000 Memphis Classic.

HARNESS RACING—**NATHANIEL 152**, 10-year-old gelding in the sulky, extended his unbeaten run to 19 races by winning the \$125,365 Cane Pace, the first leg of money's triple crown, at Yonkers Raceway. In the final heat, the 3-year-old colt covered the mile in 1:57.9, to outpace Traction Time by 1/16 lengths.

HORSE RACING—**BOLD** IN DETERMINED (54-40), Eddie Delahoussaye up, won the \$140,000 Coaching Club American Oaks in Belmont by a head over Lure's World. The 3-year-old colt triumphed in the third leg of the filly Triple Crown in 2:30 1/5 for the 15 miles.

TYR NAYOS, Anthony Murray up, beat Prince Ben by a length and a half to win the \$140,000 Irish Sweepstakes in the Cane Pace, near Dublin. The 3-year-old colt ran the 1/16 miles in 2:41 1/8.

DRIVING HOME, ridden by Bill Parnell, beat Somenzo Man by 1/4 lengths to win the \$183,930 Queen's Plate Stakes at Woodbine in Etobicoke, Ontario. The 3-year-old gelding finished the 1/16 miles in 2:04 1/8.

MOTOR SPORTS—**ALAN JONES** of Australia averaged 126.073 miles per hour in a Williams-Ford to win the 66th French Grand Prix by 4.5 seconds over Frenchman Didier Pironi, driving a Ligier-Ford, over the 3.6-mile Paul Ricard circuit near Marseille.

SOCCER—**NASL**. In a week marked by eight overtime games, including five shootouts, and numerous high-scoring performances, Seattle won its fifth straight home game, beating Minnesota 3-2 in overtime on a J. Brian Hartson goal at 92:31. Souther Forward Roger Davies scored his second hat trick of the season in a 3-0 victory over Atlanta to improve his league-scoring lead to seven points over George Chigara. Chigara won't be the only member of the National Conference East-leading Cosmos who couldn't score. The whole team was shut out 2-0 by Los Angeles, it was the first time in 36 games, since July 5, 1978, that the Cosmos were held scoreless. San Diego couldn't score either, as it continued its 0-4 road trip by losing 2-0 to Tampa Bay (11-4) whose Steve Wegerle missed on both goals to give him a league career record of 51, surpassing the mark of former Rowdy Rodney Marsh. And after an NASL record 11 shootout rounds, San Diego then lost at Detroit 1-0 for the Eastern final shootout won in four sets, Dallas got two shootout victories. In Portland the Farnas slipped its seven-game losing streak by tying on all five shootout attempts for a 1-0 win over the Tachlers 1-1 (21-1). Then Al Miller, the only remaining American-born coach after Atlanta's Dan Wood was fired this week, got his 100th career win as Dallas beat Tampa Bay 1-0, again in a shootout. In Wood's last game, his Chiefs lost 3-1 to Tulsa, which was spurred by a pair of goals by Billy Caskey. New England's Bob Newton and Los Angeles' Luis Fernandez each scored a hat trick—Fernandez in the Autos beat Edmonton 6-2 and Newton, who set a team record for the quickest three-goal binge (18:52), as the Ties Men defeated Philadelphia 4-0. Earlier in the week Edmonton beat Fort Lauderdale 3-2 on two Eds Kerschbaum goals, and New England's Gerd Kerkhof beat Rochester 2-0. ASL. Control led Chicago (15-3) to win twice, thrashing out Memphis 2-0 and three days later edging Matanzas 2-1 in overtime. Arno Stiefelhagen scored the winner at 102:03. Washington's \$1.5 million man, Johan Cruyff, who signed his monster contract before this season, scored only his second goal for the Dens as they beat Vancouver 2-0. Yet Sunday he exploded for two goals and three assists as the Dens beat Houston 6-1. ASL West leader California (10-10) is getting consistently more out of Laune Abramson, who had four goals and an assist as the Surf beat Houston 5-1 in overtime.

ASL. Tom Reynolds, goalie of American Conference leader Sacramento, got the league's only shutout of the year and his fifth of the season as the Gold bear trounced Golden Gate 1-0. Otherwise, the scoring was pro-

lific. Pennsylvania opened the week by trouncing California 4-1 on two goals and two assists by Adrian Brooks. Three days later the Seagulls found themselves on the short end of the same score as New York was before only 1721 fans at Shea Stadium. Vancouver's former league leader Columbia split a pair of games with Miami, losing 3-1 on two goals by Miami forward Charlie Greene and then beating the Americans on Sunday 2-1. Cleveland beat California 2-1, with Walter Schuster getting both Colorado goals.

TRACK & FIELD—**200-METER** records were set in the concluding week of the Olympic Trials in Eugene, Ore. **HENRY MARSH** of Eugene won the 300-meter sprint in eight minutes, 35.7 seconds, beating by 1/16 seconds the mark set at 1978 by Doug Brown. **JODI ANDERSON** of Los Angeles surpassed her own 1978 record in the long jump with a leap of 22' 11 1/2", four inches farther than her previous best. Other winners were women's 100 meters—**ALICE BROWN** of Anaheim, Calif. (12.91), 100 hurdles—**RENALDO NIEMAH** of Scotch Plains, N.J. (13:26), women's 100 hurdles—**STEPHANIE HIGHTOWER** of Columbus, Ohio (12:56), men's 200—**JAMES HILL**, LER of Solvay, Ohio (19:49), women's 200—**BLANCA CHELSE BROOKHURST** of Jacksonville, Fla. (22:30), men's 400—**BILL GILES** of Palo Alto, Calif. (46:45), women's 400—**SHERILL HOWARD** of Granada Hills, Calif. (51:48), men's 400 hurdles—**EDWIN MOTES** of Mission Viejo, Calif. (47:56), men's 800—**JOHN PAGE** of Miami, Fla. (1:44:53), women's 800—**JOAN WALSH**, MANNING of Tulsa (2:38:30), men's 1,500—**STEVE SCOTT** of Tempe, Ariz. (4:35:01), women's 1,500—**MARY DECKER** of Eugene, Ore. (4:49:01), and the 10,000—**BLAKE VILGON** of Lebanon, Ill. (27:45:40). Winners at the men's field events were: **shotput**—**MAC WILKINS** of Soquel, Calif. (121' 4"), **shotput**—**PETER SPOHRER** of Eugene, Calif. (368' 4 1/2"), **pole vault**—**TOM HENTENAL** of San Jose, Calif. (118' 4 1/2"), **high jump**—**BENNY FIELDS** of Salisbury, Md. (5' 17 1/2"), **long jump**—**LARRY MYRICKS** of Tallahassee (27' 3 1/2"), **hammer throw**—**ANDY BESSITTE** of Fresno, Calif. (212' 10 1/2"), and **javelin**—**BOB WALLARD** of Seattle (271') Women's field winners were: **high jump**—**LOUISE KITTER** of Denver, Colo. (4' 11 1/2"), **javelin**—**KARIN SMITH** of Los Angeles (228' 5 1/2"), and **discus**—**LORNA GRIFFIN** of San Diego (197'). **BOB COFFMAN** of Houston won the decathlon with 8,164 points (page 12).

CREDITS

18-19—Rich Clarkson 14-16—Rich Clarkson (field) Andy Hall (22) 18-19—Andy Hall 20—Graham Anderson 20-22—Paul Kennedy 22—Graham Anderson map by Bill Anderson 22—Tony Tomic 22—courtesy from Ventures International 22—Robert J. Hall (11)

FACES IN THE CROWD



SHARON WATSON
WILSON, Pa.

Watson, 34, the girls' volleyball coach at Norwin High, guided the Knights to a 15-11, 6-15, 15-0 victory over Baldwin High in the final of the state tournament and a fifth consecutive girls' title. Her seven-year record is 25-3.



ROBERT ONORATO
Huron River, Ill., S.C.

Rob, a three-sport senior at May River Academy, had 538 and had a 4-0 pitching record in baseball. Earlier he led the Patriots to a regional basketball title and posted for 12 TDs and scored 10 more himself in an all-state quarterback.



ROBBIE KAMESCHICK
ATLANTA, Ga.

Robbie, 12, led his Little League team with a 7-0 pitching record, including four one-hitters and two no-hitters. He also batted .739, with 17 HRs and 70 RBIs, and during the winter scored 155 points a game for his pee-wee basketball team.



LARRY ROODER
LARRY CITY, MO.

Larry, a senior at the Missouri School for the Deaf, placed first in four events at the class I-A state track meet in Jefferson City. He won the long jump (22' 3 1/2"), the 165-meter low hurdles (20.35) and the 100- and 200-meter dashes (11.16 and 22.15).



CHARLES ROSELLE
ROSEMONT, Pa.

Roselle, 43, a real-estate tax consultant and a near-handicap golfer, shot a hole in one on the par-3 201-yard 3rd hole at the Overbrook Golf Club with a two-wood. The next day he had another hole in one on the same hole with a four-wood.



CRISBY GRIFFITHS
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

Crisby, 18, won her third consecutive state girls' 100- and 200-meter dash titles, anchored a state girls' record-shattering sprint-medley relay team and won the long jump, leading Indiana High to its third consecutive track title.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MONTREAL BRAWL

Sir:

Let's have a toast for two great boxers—Leonard and Duran (Right On for Roberto, June 30).

I am especially happy for Duran. During the past eight years he has fought every challenger who was willing to step into the ring with him: Buchanan, Lamplin, DeJesus, Palomino and the rest.

Roberto is getting up in years for a lightweight turned welterweight. He was definitely the best boxer of the '70s, and he has won what might be the best fight of the '80s.

STUART LOGAN
La Habra, Calif.

Sir:

Two wins in one night! Duran decided Leonard and scored a knockout over the SJ cover jinx.

DAVID NAVE
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

YANKEE KNOW-HOW

Sir:

I am a loyal Yankee fan, and Ron Fimrite's article (*These New Damn Yankees Are a Ha*, June 23) describes perfectly the reasons for the team's success, giving credit where it was due and not forgetting the youngsters. Manager Hovser's quote about Randolph—"Without him, we'd be, well, I hate to think where"—was right on the money. Do us Yankee fans a favor in one of your October issues and write a big article on Hovser—"Manager of the Year."

JOE GOSSELIN
Jersey City

Sir:

Fimrite says Billy Martin describes Goose Gosage as "awesome." That adjective also belies the swing of the man who wears double 4s, as illustrated in your fine picture on pages 30 and 31.

Yankee fans have come to realize that when Reggie Jackson's right leg drives through and his left knee drops to the ground, it's usually "batter time."

MICHAEL P. GEROW
Sherrill, N.Y.

Sir:

Fimrite's likening the traveling New York press to "war correspondents" is unfortunately accurate, but much to their dismay there has been nothing bigger to write about this season than Reggie's late entrance to spring training. As a result, they have had to focus on up-and-coming stars such as Bobby Brown, Joe Lefebvre and Dennis Werth.

George Steinbrenner, who has poured mil-

lions into the Yankee farm system, has been saying all along that his activity in the free-agent market was meant to buy time for the minor leagues to produce players. Now his investments are paying off, and your readers, as well as the rest of the baseball world, will be reaping the dividends for years to come.

GEORGE FALKOWSKI
Scotch Plains, N.J.

Sir:

Fimrite did a story on the best team in baseball without saying one positive thing about the best third baseman in baseball.

JOHN DECARLO
Landing, N.J.

Sir:

You neglected to mention that Bucky Dent is hitting .260 (30 points above his '79 average), has twice as many homers and is once again proving that he is one of the best shortstops in either league. You also might have mentioned that during the Oakland series Bucky got spiked in the wrist by Tony Armas and put out of action for at least 15 days.

CHRISTY MORANO
Hot Springs, Ark.

Sir:

Let's not forget Eric Soderholm and Johnny Oates, the veterans who take their second-string roles with a great deal of class. It's too bad that Lou Pinella, Bobby Murcer and Ed Figueroa can't do the same.

RICH KOLASA
Elmhurst Park, N.J.

...BACK AT THE RAMON

Sir:

In your June 16th issue you managed to find four pages for an article on the St. Louis Cardinals, maybe the worst team in major league baseball, but could spare the space for only 16 words in your Fox THE RECORD section to write about the University of Arizona Wildcats, who had just won the college baseball World Series.

You even gave John Hopkins, the NCAA lacrosse champions, two pages.

We find it irritating that you couldn't find more room to write about the nation's best college baseball team. After all, the saying doesn't go, "Lacrosse, hot dogs and apple pie," does it?

MIKE ZLAREY
GEORGE ECONOMIDES
Tucson

JACK'S OPEN

Sir:

Dan Jenkins' article on the U.S. Open (*The Owner of the Open*, June 23) once again shows why he is one of the best sportswriters

in the country. His smooth style seems to make his stories end much too quickly.

On the cover you said that Jack is back. But how many people, myself included, really ever thought he'd stay away?

JOHN W. TORROR
Goshen, Conn.

Sir:

Only in America, and only in sports, could a multimillionaire such as Jack Nicklaus be a sentimental favorite.

The Golden Bear is back—the golfer, that is. The gold has never left.

WILLIAM E. CARSLY
Chicago

Sir:

Jack Nicklaus was a fallen idol only to the sportswriters. To his legions of fans, his return to the top has been simply a matter of when, not if. The two biggest draws at Baltusrol were Nicklaus and Palmer, which says a lot about the loyalty of golf fans.

PATRICIA KISER
Basking Ridge, N.J.

Sir:

Jack brings the people to the golf course, lures viewers to the tube and conveys his marvelous excitement. Never has there been a man of more significance to his sport.

How many SI covers has Jack appeared on? I have six in my collection.

BRAO LITTLE
Panama, Okla.

• There have been 19. The first: Sept. 12, 1960.—ED

Sir:

Eighteen major championships in 19 years. May the Lord have mercy on any individual who sets his mind to breaking this record.

EVAN STONE
Barrington, N.H.

Sir:

How Jenkins could call Baltusrol Golf Club's lower course "a pushover" is beyond me. Maybe the scores don't reflect a course as tough as other U.S. Open courses, but it is not easy.

Consider Hubie Green. He had a spectacular third-round 65 sandwiched in between three rounds in the mid-70s. Mark Hayes fell from contention after only five holes on Sunday. And, if you really feel brave, tell Tom Weiskopf that Baltusrol is a pushover.

If Jenkins feels that Baltusrol is such a pushover, let him put his golf clubs where his typewriter is. I am sure a lot of members would delight in watching him fall prey to the dangers of one of the finest courses in the world.

WILLIAM DAHLBERG
Morristown, N.J.

Sir:

Score a birdie for Dan Jenkins on his coverage of a most exciting U.S. Open championship, but give him a double bogey for his

evaluation of the Baltusrol course. To say that the course is "dull" and that it has no dramatic stretch of holes is to overlook the two finishing holes, where in every round the contending player must risk a bogey to try for a birdie, knowing that the players behind him also have the chance to finish with two birdies. And the 12 par-4 holes are just different enough to require the golfer to play every club and shot in his arsenal, and then some.

A great golf course rewards great play fairly, and therefore it should yield a low score every once in a while to a player at the top of his game, as Jack Nicklaus was at Baltusrol.

THOMAS H. DOAK
Stamford, Conn.

Sir:

The photograph on pages 22 and 23, showing Nicklaus with putter raised after sinking a brilliant putt, was not taken on the 17th green as stated, but rather at the final hole. I know because I am in the picture.

JOHN VORWERAS
Neptune, N.J.

COE-ALESCHING

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed your article about mile-record holder Sebastian Coe (*A Hard and Supple Man*, June 23). It brought great joy to read not only about the sport of running, but about this particular runner and his life.

MIKE STALLSMITH
Southfield, Mich.

Sir:

I loved Kenny Moore's article on Sebastian Coe. I was born and raised in Sheffield and was a member of the Sheffield and British track teams in the 1950s. I am very familiar with the weather conditions and hills where Coe does his training, and I think Moore really felt the warmth and understanding of a typical English family. Thank you, Mr. Moore, for making me just a little bit homesick!

JEAN A. NEWBOLT
Trenton, N.J.

Sir:

In your article about Sebastian Coe, there is a little joke about an Irishman that makes the Irish out to be a band of dopes. This is stereotyping. I suggest that you stop it before someone else is insulted.

I am 11, and I know when I'm insulted.

JOEY BRENNAN
Newark, Del.

TENNIS TYRANT (CONT.)

Sir:

In response to some of the mail criticizing Nick Bolleteri's tennis teaching methods (*He'll Make Your Child a Champ*, June 9), I feel that the writers are mad at the wrong party. I, too, find Bolleteri's techniques repulsive. But if you uncaring, championship-parent offered me \$1,100 a month to do what he does, why shouldn't I do it? The parents obviously know what agony their children

continued

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Is the All-American game going into sudden death?

"Clean up football or abolish it," President Theodore Roosevelt ordered the organizers of college football in 1905 after eighteen players died during one season. The warning was heeded.

Almost seventy-five years later, from Pop Warner to the pros, football is in trouble again. This time, according to *Sports Illustrated* senior writer John Underwood, the warnings are being ignored:

- a million high school players hurt • a 100% injury rate among NFL players • Sanctioned violence and dangerous equipment • Win-or-else coaches • Professionalization and questionable values on the college level and below.

In a book certain to spread the controversy of his *Sports Illustrated* series of articles, Underwood exposes and explores the dramatic problems that jeopardize the sport's future and offers a detailed, constructive proposal for reforming the game.

"A powerful indictment of the grid-iron system from top to bottom."
—*Publishers Weekly*

THE DEATH OF AN AMERICAN GAME

THE CRISIS IN FOOTBALL

John Underwood



A Sports Illustrated Book

Little, Brown

\$10.95 at bookstores

15TH HOLE *continued*

den will be put through. And they still feel it's worth it to win a championship, make some big tournament money and get rid of the kids for nine months. It is with these "parents" that the culprit lies. Mr. Bollenjers is merely doing what he advertises. As they say, "The customer is always right."

OWEN SONCLAIR
Oceanside, N.Y.

SALMON FAN Sir:

Congratulations to Carl Navarre (VIEW-POINT, June 23). As a longtime salmon fan, I'm always glad to see their cause championed. Izak Walton would be appalled if he knew that to some anglers fishing has become yet another form of conspicuous consumption. Judging from the wealthy buffoons mentioned in Navarre's article, there is clearly no direct relationship between riches and intelligence.

JEFF ANDERSEN
Fayetteville, Ark.

FRENCH OPEN Sir:

In his report on the French Open (*Two Fats on Clay*, June 16), Curry Kirkpatrick gratuitously implies that Guillermo Vilas faked a stomachache after having "a steak luncheon in the press room." Does Kirkpatrick know that Vilas was operated on for acute appendicitis shortly afterward?

TIMOTHY CREIGHTON
Paris

A HAND FOR THE LITTLE LADY Sir:

I would like to complement William Leggett on his article on the Belmont Stakes (*An Outsider Comes In*, June 16). I was hoping someone would mention that Genuine Risk was the real star of this year's Triple Crown races. She deserves all the credit for making this series one of the best in history.

BETH KINNANE
Knoxville, Tenn.

QUELUNG UP Sir:

Reading about Jenny Lake Lodge (*Reflections of an Older America*, June 16) brings back fond memories of three months spent at Jackson Hole and of two beautiful and humbling experiences I had there.

The first was my first glimpse of the Tetons, when my feelings of awe were heightened by the presence of these inches of snow on the ground. Until then I had believed that it was impossible for it to snow in the middle of June in the United States.

The other occurred while camping in the Tetons, when I had to wait third in line behind a black bear and a full-grown moose to get a drink of water.

GREG BURRETT
Cincinnati

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WET BAR SMIRNOFF STYLE.

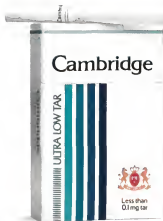
IT WASN'T NOTHIN' ON HER MIND AT ALL
EXCEPT THAT LUSCIOUS LIMEADE SPLASHED
WITH SMIRNOFF — JUST A TAD IS ALL YOU ADD
AND SHE WAS THINKING, "THEY CALL THIS A
BULLFROG...WONDER WHY," WHEN WHOOSH!
A HANDSOME PRINCE APPEARED.



Smirnoff
LEAVE YOU BREATHE-FRESH

Introducing Cambridge Box:

No cigarette is lower in tar or nicotine.



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